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JANUARY, 1936

THE CRISIS

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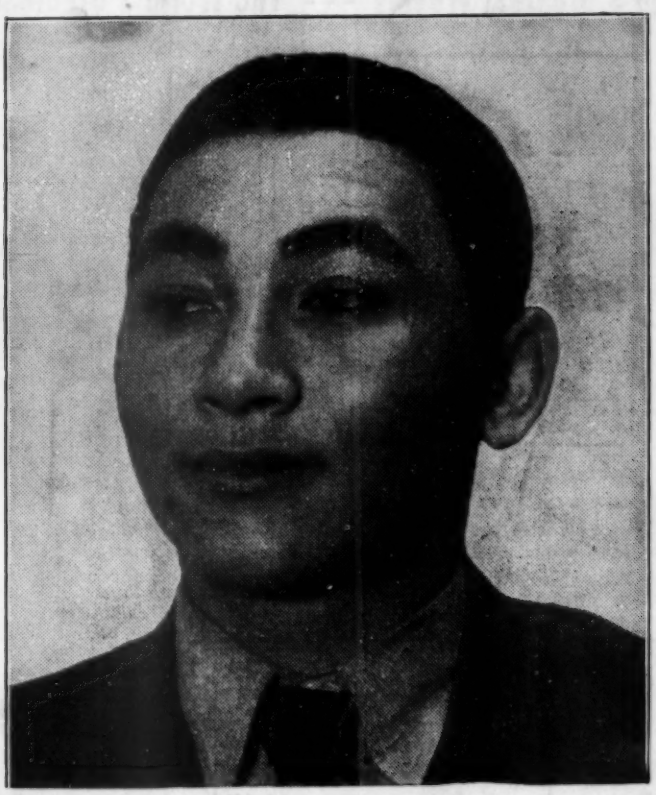

ANGELO HERNDON

(Chain Gang Can't Have Him—See page 5)

TEXAS HOLIDAY

By Harold Preece

CAN THE STATES STOP MOBS?

A Review of the 1935 Lynchings

The Choice of A Nation

The World's Greatest Weekly --- The World's Greatest Fighter

Chicago Defender

Defender Correspondent Clears High U.S. Position

ETHIOPIAN CONFLICT STIRS WORLD

Two More Lynched In Mississippi

THE
Chicago Defender
WORLD'S GREATEST WEEKLY

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THE CRISIS

Founded 1910
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A Record of the Darker Races

ROY WILKINS, Acting Editor
ADVISORY BOARD
J. E. Spingarn *Dr. Louis T. Wright* *James Weldon Johnson* *Lewis Gannett* *Walter White*

Volume 43, No. 1 *Whole No. 301*

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NEXT MONTH

JEW HATRED AMONG NEGROES

By Edward L. Israel

This discussion by Rabbi Israel of Baltimore, which will appear in the February CRISIS, out January 25, is sure to provoke extended discussion by both colored and white people. You cannot afford to miss reading it.

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THE COVER

By the time this appears nearly everyone ought to know that Angelo Herndon, convicted under a fantastic Georgia "insurrection" law passed in 1866, is once more a free man. Sentenced to serve 18 to 20 years on a chain gang, Herndon appealed to the U. S. supreme court which turned its back upon him last spring. He was granted a rehearing, but was turned down last fall. He returned to Georgia prepared to serve his term, but Circuit Judge Hugh M. Dorsey granted the petition of his lawyers for a writ of habeas corpus freeing Herndon. Judge Dorsey declared the 1866 law unconstitutional. Herndon is free on $8,000 bail, but the state of Georgia has appealed from the Dorsey ruling and young Herndon's fight is not over, although victory appears very near. He is speaking at many meetings in and near New York and on January 5th, the day before the new Scottsboro trials, he will address the annual mass meeting of the N.A.A.C.P. at 3 p.m. in Metropolitan Baptist church, 128th Street and Seventh Avenue, New York.

Can the States

THROUGHOUT the discussion of the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill last spring in and out of Congress the assertion was made on all sides, in a variety of ways, that lynching should be handled by the states, that the states could and would stop lynching, that the federal government would be invading states' rights by passing an anti-lynching law.

THE CRISIS presents below some remarks of senators on lynching and states' rights, together with the record of the lynchings which have taken place during 1935. This record, taken largely from local newspapers, whose accounts were written by local reporters and editors, may be regarded fairly as accurate indications of the disposition of the state and local authorities to act against the crime of lynching.

"We know how to handle lynching in Louisiana."

—The late Senator Huey P. Long.

"There Wasn't Any Lynching!"

On January 11, 1935, Louisianians opened the lynching season by invading the jail at Franklinton and killing Jerome Wilson in his cell. Wilson had just been granted a new trial by the Louisiana supreme court following his conviction on a charge of murdering a deputy sheriff.

"There wasn't any lynching," Sheriff J. L. Brock of Franklinton, blandly observed to newshawks a few hours later. "Some men got into the cell somehow about three or four o'clock in the morning. They got a key somehow. Before they got in they shot Jerome Wilson through the windows because he kept crying for help. Then they went into the jail and sawed through the lock of Jerome's cell. Some one beat Jerome over the head with a great big hammer and left the hammer in the cell.

"They took his body out and threw it on the road," continued the Sheriff, neglecting to reveal how the irate citizens secured the jail key. "He was dead before they took him out of the cell."

"There wasn't any lynching," he repeated stoutly. "There wasn't any mob either, or they would have took (sic) Luther out, too. They were just about six or eight men who were going about their business."

Asked why a guard hadn't been posted at the jail in view of threats against Wilson, Sheriff Brock protested, "But we didn't expect any trouble. Wilson was just arraigned yesterday. We thought maybe if the jury didn't convict him this second time there would be trouble, but they didn't wait for the second trial."

Wilson, along with his mother and brother, was arrested the previous August for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Delos C. Wood following an argument over the dipping of a mule. Wood was Sheriff Brock's assistant and a "tough" officer. Jerome Wilson was tried, convicted and sentenced to hang, although he had been armed with a shotgun while Wood was killed by a pistol bullet. The case was appealed by N.A.A.C.P. attorneys and the Louisiana supreme court the week previously had ordered a new trial.

Sheriff Brock declared that the only clue to the lynchers was the hammer, "a great big one," and promised to follow that clue up. That was last January. No one has been arrested for this crime.

Invisible Men

Louisiana continued its lynching march by staging on February 24, at Maringouin, the second lynching, in which Anderson Ward was hanged by a mob.

Young Mr. Ward committed the unforgivable sin of arguing and fighting with Dennis Brudroe, a white man. The colored lad was armed with a knife while Brudroe had nothing with which to defend himself except a pistol. To the white man's surprise and consternation, the pistol failed to explode when he snapped the trigger at the Negro. Whereupon Ward used his knife to such effect that only the intervention of Alphonse Hughs, another Negro youth, saved Brudroe's life.

Young Mr. Ward was promptly arrested by the vigilant town marshal and locked in the local jail for what is jocosely referred to in those parts as "safe-keeping." Immediately thereafter a mob of twenty-five whites assembled armed with shotguns and rifles, stormed the jail which singularly enough was unguarded, got Ward and lynched him. Peace officers found his inert body dangling from a live oak tree at midnight, his mouth bandaged, his body riddled by bullets. According to rumor, Maringouin officials made an investigation but as the lynchers are said to be "parties unknown," no one has been arrested.

What the Senators said; what the States did

During 1935 in the Senate, the two Mississippi senators, Messrs. Pat Harrison and Theodore Bilbo remained silent, but everyone knew where they stood. In 1934, the then Senator Hubert D. Stephens of Mississippi was quoted as saying: "This (Costigan-Wagner) bill will be passed only over my dead body!"

Death in the Afternoon

Mississippi, destined before the end of the year to take the "blue ribbon" for the most and "best staged" lynchings began its winning streak on March 12 at Slayden, when Ab Young was hanged by a mob.

The mob execution of ill-fated Ab Young at 4:10 p.m. March 12, 1935, had three claims to distinction: It was advertised in advance in a reputable daily newspaper; the mob lynched its victim in a school yard three miles from Slayden, and the victim was transported from Tennessee into Mississippi by the mob, in violation of the so-called Lindbergh law which calls for Federal intervention when kidnaped persons are carried across state lines.

The late Mr. Young, accused of shooting and killing a white highway worker, was also indirectly the founder of Slayden's first (and perhaps its only) forum. After the Memphis newspaper had obligingly announced that "persons around Mt. Pleasant, Miss., are saying that a Negro will be lynched at sundown at Slayden," and Ab was held under guard in the school house after being kidnaped at 10:30 a.m. and transported from Rossville, Tenn., there was a spirited debate by the mob leaders assembled in a Slayden store on whether Mr. Young should be turned over to the Holly Springs officials or, as one citizen put it "bring him in and burn him out there in the crossroads about dark." "I hope they burn him," interrupted one boisterous lad. "I'll help gather the firewood."

While the debate raged, 50 men got in their cars and trucks, went to the school, got the Negro and hung him. The mob considerately permitted him to sing spirituals and pray before his enforced demise. A reporter and photographer from the Memphis *Press-Scimitar* journeyed 63 miles by highway to Slayden, arriving 40 minutes before the lynching.

According to the coroner's jury, Young "came to his death by hanging at the hands of parties unknown." The prosecuting attorney averred that "So far as the proof is concerned, we don't

Stop Lynching?

know whether it was a hanging or a suicide." The Justice of the Peace who was standing nearby him when the mob riddled the dangling body with bullets said, "I'm an officer. But my friends mean more to me than being an officer."

To telegrams from the N.A.A.C.P. requesting Federal action on the basis of the "Lindbergh kidnaping" law, Attorney-General Cummings and President Roosevelt replied with a vast and resounding silence.

The County Prosecuting Attorney promised to pursue his investigation. No one, as yet, has been arrested.

Too Prosperous

Determined to catch up with Louisiana after a comparatively late start, Mississippi claimed the fourth lynching of the year on March 22 when R. J. Tyronne, a prosperous farmer of Lawrence county, Miss., was shot to death March 22. He was deemed to be "too well off for a Negro."

Planters' Holiday

Waiting scarcely a week, the mob struck again and the Reverend T. A. Allen of Marks, Miss., was the fifth victim of the year and the third in Mississippi in 18 days. His body was found March 30.

Reverend Allen harbored the curious notion that sharecroppers and tenant farmers in the Mississippi Delta should get some remuneration for their backbreaking labor. He hearkened sympathetically to the Share-Our-Wealth-Society and wore a button proclaiming "Every Man a King."

He was found weighted with chains in the bottom of a Mississippi stream. It seems that the plantation owners thereabout did not approve of his activities. So stated the local sheriff. Subsequent "investigation" disclosed precisely nothing. Telegrams from the N.A.A.C.P. to responsible officials got similar results. The case, it seems, has been closed ever since it opened.

No Investigation

Next victim of the year and of Mississippi was R. D. McGhee, 25, of Wiggins, Miss., who was hanged by a mob of 400 men on June 22 after being accused of attacking an 11-year-old girl. Not even the most casual investigation of this lynching was made and no statement of any nature was issued.

No Shots Were Fired

Though racing far ahead of the field, Mississippi took no chance on being overtaken by other states, so on July 15 a mob hanged two men, Bert Moore and Dooley Morton in Lowndes county for an alleged attempted attack on a woman.

The mob of 35 white men who "took" Bert Moore and Dooley Morton, young Negroes accused of having twice attempted to assault a white woman, from Deputy Sheriff Parker Harris of Lowndes County and hanged them to an oak tree in a Negro churchyard, exhibited unusual restraint. The victims were merely dropped from the tops of moving automobiles. Newspapers reported that "No shots were fired."

The deputy sheriff was en route with his prisoners from Columbus to Aberdeen "for safekeeping," although Columbus is a much larger city than the latter place; and its jail is bigger and stronger. His efforts to "spirit" the prisoners away were foiled only four miles outside of Columbus, the mob having through some clairvoyance determined the direction he was taking. The mob "dispersed quickly," and no member has yet been arrested.

"What's the Use?"

C. L. Johnson, white, was jailed for admittedly being implicated in the shooting and killing of Chief Daw of Dunsmuir, Calif., and wounding a traffic officer. His accomplice escaped and he was jailed. Both were white.

The mob stormed the county jail, where only one officer was on guard, took out the prisoner after ten minutes "siege" and hanged him three miles outside town.

Night Marshal Richard W. Cheesborough who was stationed in the city jail next door said that he retired inside his own jail when he heard the mob of 25 men storming the county jail "because I didn't want to have anything to do with giving the keys to the mob."

When asked if he had notified the authorities of the seizure and lynching, he asked: "What's the Use?"

Mr. Cheesborough was right. Nothing has been done about it.

Quick Action

The twelfth lynching took place also in Mississippi when Bodie Bates was hanged Sunday night, August 4.

A young married white woman accused two Negroes of having attempted to assault her on Saturday night. At 11 p.m. Sunday night one of the men, Bates, was taken from the county jail by the mob and lynched a mile south of the town. Having completed half of its task, the mob of 50 men returned to the jail at 2 a.m. Monday morning and carried off the other Negro whom officers have never been able to locate. No effort was made by the "peace" officers to defend their prisoners. No one has been arrested either for the lynching or the abduction. No one will be.

Lynched as the Jury Deliberated

Winding up its year's work on September 17 Mississippi chalked up its eighth lynching by hanging Elwood Higginbotham.

Mississippi mobs are known to be impatient. This one thought the jury was taking too long to decide the case of Higginbotham, charged with killing Glen Roberts, a white planter. So between 100 and 150 Oxfordians stormed the jail, "overpowered" the sheriff and three deputies who did not fire a shot, and lynched Higginbotham near the college campus. There being no further business before the jury, Judge Taylor McElroy dismissed the panel.

Higginbotham, a sharecropper, had an altercation with the planter over a debt. The planter started to shoot him but the Negro beat him to the draw. Nothing more has been heard of the case, despite inquiries by the N.A.A.C.P., except an announcement that none of the mob had been identified.

Mr. President, this bill is not going to pass. I do not wish to be arrogant about that or to seem to be arrogant, but it is not going to pass. We will be here all summer; we will fight it out on this line, as General Grant said, if it takes all summer . . . When they tell me my state is not competent to administer the criminal laws or to maintain order, I do not get angry. I feel too sure of my state.

—Senator Josiah W. Bailey of North Carolina in the Congressional Record for April 25, 1935.

A National Guardsman Cut Off His Big Toe

Govan "Sweat" Ward, a 25-year-old Negro went insane and ran amuck July 30. A white farmer, C. G. Stokes, attempted to calm him, only to be decapitated with an axe. Arrested, the man was brought handcuffed to Louisburg, N. C., by officers. One of these later stated, "We took Ward to the office of Dr. H. G. Perry where he quietly let the physician start fixing his head. He sud-

(*Continued on page* 18)

Short Cut to a Lynching

By Tom Tippett

I HAD been in New Orleans before, had spent nearly all of last winter there and like almost everyone else, I left it for the North reluctantly and with a genuine longing to return one day. During the winter I not only had been charmed by the old city's intrinsic beauty, but I had become ensnared by a sincere affection for the people whom I met and who during a four months' period had become my friends. They were scattered throughout the city's culture. I knew men and women in the labor unions, in the socialist party, and in the liberal movement. I knew the literati and the intellectual radicals at Tulane university. I knew a lot of Negroes, who lived in a separated but similar world—some of them were hod carriers and carpenters, some college professors and artists. My wife and I lived in the Vieux Carre—the old city where life is foreign to America, and from that old French-Spanish-Latin Quarter we were entertained, both in the Quarter and above Canal Street where the old and new cities meet; entertained is hardly the word, for we were practically beseiged by kindness. The slow, leisurely, friendly manner in which southern people can act toward outsiders has an attraction to those of us who live otherwise in New York.

I never met Negro and white people together in New Orleans. They do not know each other there. The white people think they know all about Negroes, but they are mistaken. The relationship is such that Negroes are never permitted to show themselves as people. They are either good or bad servants, and as a servant a Negro is always compelled to repress the elements that otherwise register him as a man. But in New Orleans, during the winter, I was sure that interracial attitudes were superior there to most other southern cities. I had spent a previous spring in Atlanta and that might have influenced my judgment. Anyhow I saw no hatred of Negroes by white people on my first stay in New Orleans. The tradition and laws of the city segregated the two races, but one saw Negroes strolling along the main sections of the town; they shopped, at least, in white stores; and a white man could walk the streets conversing with a Negro friend and cause no commotion. In the French Quarter Negroes lived next door to white families; the children played all day long in mixed groups—and I saw white men step aside to make way for

Everyone in New Orleans knew there was going to be a lynching, but no one moved to stop it

Negro nuns as they went back and forth from their convent. In our enthusiasm for New Orleans we exaggerated, I suppose, but we thought that even on the race question the city was ahead of others of its kind. During the summer I was up North, talking in such a fashion about New Orleans that I was at times mistaken for an agent of the city sent out to bring tourists there.

Lynching Is Predicted

It was the last week in October, on Sunday, when I returned, regretting that I had only two weeks to stay in a community that I liked so well. I hadn't seen the end of summer in New Orleans before. The French Quarter was more beautiful than ever—with vines hung low from old balconies, with banana trees yards taller, waving over the patio walls. The sun was still hot, but it did not slow one up now that winter was on the way. As I walked down Royal Street to where we had lived I could feel the city's lure reach its arms out to me. I was glad to be back.

In through the iron wishing-gate of our old courtyard I went, off the dirty street and into a cool garden lush with tropical fragrance, alive and shimmering with ripe blossoms. I was back in New Orleans! But before that first hour had passed I felt a poison in the air. A man I knew began to speak of lynching. He spoke of it with as much calm as if he had been discussing a fishing trip. I was amazed to learn that the lynching had not occurred but that it was predicted; it was being worked up; it was going to take place "any time now." This man telling me of it did not approve but he had not thought that he could or should do anything about preventing it. And I could not persuade him.

That night a Negro woman, a servant in the place, came in as of old, to turn my bed covers down, and I spoke to her of what I'd heard. She did not answer me with words but fear shot out of her eyes and she went, quickly, out of my room.

At noon the following day I was having lunch with a man, an important official of the city, and after a while I brought the proposed lynching up. He knew about it too. There were two Negro men involved, he told me, and went on to say they had been moved from the prison in New Orleans, which, he said, was like a fort and so strong that a mob could not break in. Some court technicality permitted a removal of the prisoners to another parish (county) jail in Gretna, very near by. That was an old prison and there a mob could do its work. "I understand," he told me, "that when the word is passed they'll get them over there." The lynching became real to me then. This man knew what he was talking about. He also disapproved, but he did not think it important or necessary to try to stop the plans. "It's a very bad case, the public is against these Negroes and maybe" he rationalized, "it won't take place." He could not think of anything to do. My own suggestions seemed useless to him.

The newspaper announced my arrival on Tuesday and that let our friends of last winter know I was back in town. They telephoned me, they came to call, they began to have parties again, began to act just as they had before, to make my visit real. But we had a new topic of conversation now. I heard all about the case—the Negroes in the Gretna jail.

They were the black men who had done all the robbing, they had crept up to automobiles, parked on a lonely lake front, late at night and surprised a white couple. They bound and robbed the men and carried off the white girls and raped them. There had been lots of such cases lately; it wasn't safe now to go petting in an automobile. The Negroes had a venereal disease, the raped white women had caught it from the black men, one girl was terribly lacerated. It was terrible—an awful case. Good thing the 'nigras' (they pronounce it that way in educated circles in New Orleans) were caught at last.

Topic Like Dynamite

"But this talk of lynching," I would say, "the men are in jail, there'll be a trial and surely they will be hanged, if all or half of what you say is true. Can't something be done to guarantee a trial?"

Of course my friends did not know for sure the Negroes would be lynched, most of them said they thought they ought to have a trial, but nobody would go to the governor, the press, or any

authority to work against the mob. They did not care enough for that.

On Thursday, two young Negro men with whom I'd worked last winter came to an office where I had a desk. It was a friendly room to them. We'd been in it together every day for months. They too had seen my name in the nawspaper and they had come to say hello. There was an undertone of lynching by this time permeating the atmosphere everywhere. I had never felt its terror before. About lynching I knew (in the North and in the South) but I had never been where one was being manufactured. I mentioned it, no sooner than I had to, to the two Negro boys. My words changed them, like an electric current, from normal beings into fear-struck men afraid almost to move. In five minutes they had left me, as though I'd said a charge of dynamite was lighted in the room.

I then sought Negro leaders, and since Negroes are not permitted to vote in the state the leadership is confined to religious or educational fields and, therefore, bereft of real power. Some of them were indifferent and dismissed the issue exactly as the white element had with "this is a bad case, not the kind to rouse public sympathy." In the main, though, they were afraid and all of them recognized their impotence, but I found out some things in the Negro world. They knew of the coming lynching, one story after another had come across the Jim Crow line. The Negro business section was on edge, jittery, afraid. An exception to this was Mrs. Osby Brown of the Negro press.

On Pine Street at the address where the two Negro prisoners were arrested there were two women in the house. One a comely young girl, the wife of one of the accused men, the other was an older woman, the mother of the same condemned man.

The wife said her husband told her, ten days before, not to come around the jail—trouble was coming, she better stay away. That house had heard of the lynching too. The women did not know if the men were dead or alive, there were rumors and rumors—they were afraid to ask the authorities. The older woman rocked back and forth, moaning a prayer, feeling a pain that only those whose sons are lynched can know.

The Mob Forms

Before I slept on Thursday night I'd gone again to white friends reporting what I knew and I got nowhere. The press was silent on the subject, but the reporters knew. They, too, to a man were opposed to what was coming, but reporters are calloused—to that which makes news. Nothing could be done, there were rules and regulations on what went into the press.

I had not gone to New Orleans to deal with lynching. I had other work to do and went about it day by day, but there the lynching was in the air coming up everywhere. I went to bed late Thursday night. The French Quarter was alive with laughter. The sidewalk saloons were full. The conventions of above Canal Street are forgotten in the Vieux Carre. The combination of men and women, black and white, liquor and music, song and dance seemed far away and beyond a mob that would lynch another human being —I went home to sleep.

I was awakened by the Negro servant woman. She was terror-stricken, pulling me towards the balcony, saying in her muddled speech, " I heered 'em," which I mistook at first for "I hit him." She darted out of the room as I saw from my balcony a mob forming on the street below.

I was on the sidewalk trying to determine how one, a stranger, from the North, could stop a mob. I felt an awful impotence. None of my friends was there, they had influence, they were known, they had voices that would count but they, alas, were asleep. The crowd was smaller from the street, twenty or thirty men. They did not belong in the Vieux Carre, they were outsiders, too, or so it seemed. They were rough looking men. I tried to make out who was leading, what he said, where he'd come from, who had sent him, but I couldn't make sense out of what I saw. The same stories in sharp brutish sounds were going back and forth. "White girls raped,—one was about to die, they would have to appear in court and become known, disgraced forever—." The talk went on and climaxed with an order to "get a crowd and go to Gretna." One man, a tottering drunkard, turned the tide. "Gretna, hell," said he "it's too damn far." And from across the street, a very narrow street, some people came from a sidewalk saloon to laugh at the crowd. A loud radio was throwing music from a dance orchestra into the air. The drunken man began comically to sing. Half of the crowd started away, the others stood still and turned their faces away from the lynchers into the spirit of the French Quarter and forgot about the men in Gretna jail.

There are a half million people in New Orleans. There was still danger that on another corner the oil would catch fire. I assumed the time had come, that "the word had been passed around." So I ran to the telephone again. It was 3:00 a.m. and all I heard from sleepy voices was—"Go back to bed, you're going crazy. Nothing will happen. This is New Orleans."

Friday morning I was still asleep at nine. The Negro woman came in to wake me. She was singing and she brought coffee to the bed. She had never done that before. "They didn't do it?" I asked her. Her song grew louder. She did not speak, but she laughed at me and went out of the room. By ten o'clock I was walking up Royal Street to Canal out of the Vieux Carre. It was a beautiful day. The sun was warm, there were coatless men ambling along, the palm and banana trees were peering up high above the patio walls. The air was loaded with tropical perfume. I was liking the city all over again. "In this place," I was thinking, "you cannot get a mob to kill." And then I heard the newsboys on Canal Street shouting their wares. "Riot in Gretna, Two niggers killed in jail—."

The story in a few short double spaced paragraphs, headlined "Attackers of Girls Killed by Deputies," said:—"Henry Freeman, 24, and Dave Hart, 22, had been shot to death in their cell that morning (November 1), by Sheriff Frank Clancy and a corps of deputies. A revolver had been smuggled into the cell with which one of the prisoners had shot and slightly wounded the sheriff."

No One Believes Story

There was more news in the evening press, which said a deputy had also been wounded by one Negro who was killed. And on Saturday, the next day, the papers announced that District Attorney Fleury held "the killing had been justified and that, accordingly, he would not conduct a formal investigation."

The story was illustrated by photographs, one of the revolver smuggled into jail, one of the sheriff, showing a small piece of court-plaster on his cheek, and another one of Deputy John Stewart standing outside the jail with a broad smile on his face pointing to a patch of court-plaster, covering a wound on his right arm. The press then remained silent on the case.

The most significant thing about the

JEW HATRED AMONG NEGROES

You cannot afford to miss this article in the February CRISIS by Rabbi Edward L. Israel of Baltimore, Md. Rabbi Israel, who has been one of the most sincere friends of the Negro in the country, writes with deep feeling, and yet complete objectivity, of the recurring signs of anti-semitism among Negroes. His thoughtful article is sure to provoke wide discussion among both Negroes and whites.

first newspaper account was that no one to whom I spoke believed it. "There was no gun smuggled into that jail," they said, "the sheriffs simply killed the Negroes to prevent a trial." I went to the reporters and they too, although writing the story, did not believe their own words and photographs. The press men were not permitted to go into the cell block. They saw no evidence, they were told what took place by the authorities at the prison. They photographed the evidence as presented, a revolver, some court plaster and a smile.

The story as published was a gruesome one. The two men killed were in a cell with another man, a Negro, called Edward Sanford also accused in a different rape case. Sanford notified the jailer that the wife of one of the other Negroes had smuggled a revolver into the cell. The jailer telephoned Sheriff Clancy who, an hour later, appeared at the prison with four deputies. An assistant to the jailer went to the cell to remove Sanford. Of this the news report says:

"There was no noise and no intimation to Hart and Freeman of the reason for Sanford's withdrawal from their cell." When the Sheriff heard Sanford's story he led his four deputies and the two jailers up the stairs to the cell. "As soon as I got abreast of the Negroes," the sheriff is quoted in the press, "one of them began shooting. A bullet hit a bar, glanced and cut across my cheek."

The deputies opened fire into the cell. The newspaper goes on, "Peter Leson (a deputy), shot Hart. The Negro went down on one knee still shooting. Freeman, unarmed, tried to climb up a partition in the cell. John Stewart (another deputy, shot him off his perch and bullets from the other guns ripped into his mouth, his face, his head, and he slid down to the floor and sprawled dead beside his bunk on his back. The sheriffs fired till their guns were empty and Hart had crawled back into his cell beside Freeman and fell under his bunk. The deputies saw no sign of life in the cell and called for the Coroner, D. M. Odom."

The Reporters Knew

The coroner came, treated Sheriff Clancy for "a slight laceration on the cheek, treated John Stewart for the slight cut on his right arm which he said had been caused by a bullet from Hart's gun, and then leisurely, because he thought the Negroes were dead, proceeded to the cell block on the upper floor."

In the cell the coroner found the Negroes dead, he thought, and the revolver lying on the floor. He examined it and took one remaining bullet out of it and put the gun down on a bench. Hart came alive and reached for the empty revolver. The coroner snatched it away from him and ran out of the cell. At this point the newspaper says, "Hart was behind him (the coroner) limping and running and screaming directly toward Stewart at the end of the cell row."

Stewart had but one bullet in his gun and was afraid to shoot Hart then, because he thought he might hit the coroner or jailer. Hart ran to a window in the corridor. "I couldn't shoot then," Stewart said, "if I missed I might have hit some one in the street. Then the Negro got away from the window. His eyes looked like fire. As soon as he moved from beside the window I fired the last bullet in my gun and pulled the trigger twice again thinking I might have some more cartridges in it. Then Hart came right at me and I hit him on the head with my gun. He went down. Some one handed Dr. Odom a gun and Maggiore (the jailer) took it from him and shot the Negro on the floor."

The press account has one more significant paragraph which says "Newspaper men, barred from going upstairs to the cell block after Dr. Odom had gone there to view the bodies, said later they heard the sound of moaning and screaming and then a crash, like a pistol shot. The sound was loud enough to carry through the iron doors of the jail. Deputies downstairs, hearing the sound and seeing the agitation of the newspaper reporters, said the sound was caused by the slamming of an iron door in the jail somewhere. A few minutes later Maggiore and Stewart descended the stairs."

The Negro informer, Sanford, was taken to the New Orleans prison immediately after the killing for "safe keeping." In that prison newspaper men were permitted to see him but he refused to talk. The press men asked Chief Detective John Grosh to speak with Sanford. The Negro said, "I won't say anything unless Mr. Clancy says it's all right to talk. He told me not to talk to nobody or say nothing about it."

All the quotations are from the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, November 2, 1935. The author of that account obviously told his own story between the lines.

I assumed that with such news in print there would be a protest from somewhere in the city and a demand for an investigation. On the story's face value one Negro, Freeman, was shot dead, unarmed, while he was attempting to climb up his cell away from gun fire and the other one, Hart, was finally clubbed and shot to death while he too was unarmed and dying from a dozen bullet holes. But no one in the city did protest and we talked of nothing else for the next week while I remained in town. "It was a bad case, the Negroes were guilty," every one said "The public would not care." I countered always by pointing out that the public would not lynch the men, that no one knew how the public felt. Some of my friends were sorry it had taken place, but not enough to take a public stand—not even a letter to the press.

Rumors and Facts

I began in a clumsy and unprofessional way to sift the rumors from the facts. The story had accumulated detail and grown during the week.

Dozens of rape cases of which the dead Negroes were accused settled down to two. On two different nights a white couple in a parked car late at night had been surprised and overpowered by two Negro men. The white man in each case had been bound with rope and robbed, his girl robbed and raped. Hart and Freeman had been arrested after another white woman, a nurse, had been approached by two Negro men as she got off a bus near her home at night. She had screamed and the Negroes ran and drove off in an automobile. She saw and remembered the license number. As a result Hart and Freeman were arrested in a house where the car was found. Whether these two Negroes were involved in the rape cases no one but the rumors knew. It was said one white man had identified them. I know that one of the white men involved failed to identify them and said he told the sheriff he did not know after seeing Hart and Freeman in the jail.

A doctor in a hospital said a white woman, who was brought to him one night, had, he thought, been raped. She did not contract a venereal disease and he said that Hart and Freeman had been examined and had no venereal disease.

It was said that the white girl who, the doctor held, was raped, was robbed of some jewelry; that some of it was found in the house where the Negroes, who were killed, had lived—but that was only rumor—there was no trial; no jewelry produced in court.

It was said that the Negroes had admitted guilt when they were first arrested—confessed in a third degree behind the bars of a jail, but in the rewrites of the crime, when they were killed, the papers did not refer to a confession.

That was the "bad case" that no one could protest about.

And as we discussed the problem it became obvious that there was no machinery through which a minority can

(*Continued on page 26*)

The Victory Life Comes Back

By Earl Brown

One of the brightest spots in the picture of business run by Negroes is the Victory Mutual Life Insurance Company, which went down, but came up and which seems now to be on the road to a bright future

THE Victory Mutual Life Insurance Company of Chicago, Illinois, was licensed on October 26, 1935, to operate in New York state. In many respects, this is the most important event of the year in so-called Negro business, and it represents an epoch in life insurance history among Negroes.

The Victory Mutual is the only life insurance company, black or white, chartered in the State of Illinois, with a license to operate in New York. It is the only life insurance company, mutual or stock, owned and operated by Negroes, permitted to sell insurance in the Empire State. It is the only company in the United States to have been relicensed since 1929 after having been in receivership.

No greater test of financial soundness and business efficiency could have been made by any life insurance company than to have passed the rigid requirements set up by New York State for admission. It was exactly thirty years ago that Charles Evans Hughes, present Chief Justice of the United States supreme court, made an investigation of and a report on the unscrupulous operations and practices of insurance companies in New York. As a result of the investigation, the state legislature passed stringent laws governing all phases of the operations of life insurance companies for the protection of the policyholders. And with the growth of the great companies, like the Metropolitan, Equitable, New York Life, and Mutual Life, all chartered in New York, these laws were tightened, not only to prohibit shady insurance companies from operating to the detriment of the insured, but to monopolize as far as possible the lucrative insurance business in the nation's first state and city.

In order to procure a license in New York, the Victory Mutual had to comply with seemingly impossible financial requirements. The general overhead of the company was reduced 44.1% since 1933; the agency overhead from 36.5% to 9%; and at the same time, the premium income was increased 57% and the surplus $60,000. The officials of the company accomplished these economies, income and surplus increases, in the midst of the worst depression of all time by closing unprofitable and costly agencies, reducing salaries of the officials and sponsoring an effective drive for new business.

The history of the old Victory Life and the new mutual company depicts one of the greatest battles ever waged for honest management in a business organization. In 1924, the erstwhile Victory Life Insurance Company was incorporated in Illinois, with a capitalization of $100,000 and $50,000 surplus. In 1935, the company qualified to operate in Texas, Missouri, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, the District of Columbia, Maryland, and New Jersey. In order to qualify to enter New York, the capital was increased in 1926 to $200,000 and the surplus to $100,000.

In 1927, the company met the rigid requirements of New York state and was granted a license to operate there. Soon thereafter, it was admitted to Indiana and Michigan.

The right to operate in New York state made the old company, for of the $15,000,000 insurance on its books when it was placed in receivership in 1932, approximately $8,000,000 of it was written in metropolitan New York and the balance in ten other states, including Illinois.

Saved from Schemers

When the company went into receivership, it had over $15,000,000 in business, with $1,000,000 in assets. As is always the case, this latter sum excited "bonanza" promoters, shysters, moneychangers, and heads of nearly defunct insurance companies, who sought to get the million dollars at all hazards. For this purpose, all sorts of fantastic financial schemes were evolved.

Happily, however, the get-rich-quick promoters had to deal with a few men who were anxious to conserve the company's assets and reorganize it on a sound basis. Chief among them were Doctors P. M. H. Savory and C. B. Powell and the late John Duncan of New York City, the Reverend L. K. Williams, president of the new mutual company, Bishop R. A. Valentine, of Chicago, and Doctors Haley Bell and S. A. C. Owens of Detroit. As a matter of fact, the three New York directors, Savory, Powell and Duncan, had invested personally a combined total of over $80,000 in the company, and they were directly responsible for the investment of $200,000 more by other New Yorkers. These men resolved that they would battle to the end to protect the policyholders and their own reputations.

Doctors Savory and Powell led the fight for the conservation of the company's assets and its reorganization, and without their indefatigable efforts as well as their personal monetary sacrifices, the Victory Mutual Life would be nonexistent today.

The New York directors presented the facts about the company to the court and recommended its reorganization as a Mutual company. And it was a

(*Continued on page 27*)

DR. C. B. POWELL

DR. P. M. H. SAVORY

Christmas Check

By Sawney Rowe

A Story of the Holiday Season, of Dreams and High Hopes—and Tragedy

HE had always kept a dim memory of a pretty lady, dressed in rich furs, and talking in a soft, mellow voice to the mother. Then she had turned to him.

"Mollie," she said, "why don't you let me take him back with me? Think of all the things I could give him. You cannot do the right thing by him down here. He should have proper clothes, education, and the right company. You have never been North, and so you cannot realize altogether what such things mean. Please let me take him."

There was a far-away look in his mother's eyes as she answered, "All you say may be the truth. But I can't let him go. He's my baby."

"But you have so many, Mollie," the lady with the soft voice said, "surely you could spare Georgie to have his chance."

"I spose George'll be satisfied with the chance he's got. It's the same chance his Pa had, the one I had, and all the others on the plantation. We all seem to be gittin' along pretty well."

The pretty lady sighed, and put her arms around him, and drew him to her.

"How would you like to go North?" she asked. "How would you like to see the great city, the tall buildings, the street cars, ride on the long trains, and automobiles? How would you like to see the white snow falling, and the trees all decorated with shining ice?"

He could hardly keep from gasping aloud. He had read about all of those things in his geography, and his teacher had told them wonderful stories about them. He would like to see them more than anything else. But North was a long ways off, his teacher had said. He would be afraid. So he answered:

"If Ma go."

The pretty lady laughed, and looking at his mother said, "Alfred and I would be so proud to have him. We are able to take care of him. You can hardly get along, since Mort died. Think of the help it would be to you, and some day when he is a man, you will be proud of him, and glad to say that he is yours."

"I reckon I'll be glad to say he's mine as it is. I try to raise 'em the best I can since they Pa gone. Let's don't talk about it any more Etta. You said you wanted to go down to Sis Callie's today."

And so no more had been said.

HE was nineteen now. That had been seven years ago. He had long since learned that the pretty lady was his aunt, who lived in Cincinnati, Ohio. She had gone home that Christmas, and they had heard from her once. Since then, the only mention that was made of her was when somebody asked his mother how many were in the family. She would always say, after she had accounted for the others, "Etta, she's in Cincinnati. We don't never hear from her. You know how it is with some folks when they git to doing good. They forgit everybody at home." But George had not forgotten his Aunt Etta. He had not forgotten Cincinnati and the street cars and the tall buildings. Now when he was nineteen, he was making plans to go North. Whenever anyone asked him where he was going he always said Cincinnati. That was the only place he had ever thought of going.

He was tired of working on the farm from sun-up to sun-down. His mother had taken him out of school the same year his Aunt Etta had come. She had been forced to take him out. The master of the plantation had said that he was big enough to plow and there wasn't any need of him going to school learning a whole lot of foolishness that wouldn't do him any good. His mother had thought like that too. He was big enough to help her support the other children. He had cried and begged, but it had done no good. The master's voice had spoken. For a long time after that he could not see the other children go to school without a choking feeling rising in his chest. But after a while he had forgotten school. Only when some new teacher would come would he tell of how much he had wanted an education.

Plowing made him grow. Soon he was taking on the stature of a man. At fifteen he began to follow the boys around to the other plantations to see the girls. He could hold his "corn" as well as any man. All the week he labored in the fields, and on Saturday drew his fifty cents. The rest of it went to his mother. He didn't know how much it was. But he knew that he was tired of working for fifty cents. After a while he began to draw a dollar. He had been able to buy a lot of liquor then. He soon was able to stand up old Tommy for a drink or two. Life was taking on a sweeter meaning. He began to feel that he was a man.

The first time he spoke to his mother about going off she had acted like a crazy woman.

"Atter all I done for you, and just when you git big enough to give me a little help with the other younguns you wanter run off. I don't know what coming over you. You just aint no count nohow. You aint never wanted to work in the field like you orter. Stead of being glad you got meat and bread, and a rag to your back, all you do is set around and talk about going off. Naw, you aint going off til you git a man. I'm go git my worth outta you. You can just make up your mind to that."

"But, Ma, if I git off I can git a good job, and send you some money."

"You got a good job. You just sorry and no count."

He tried once more, "Look at Henry Beecher," he said, "he went off, and now he send his Ma money all the time."

"Henry Beecher was no count just like you. He aint doing nothing but selling liquor, and I rather die'n see a child o' mine do that. Naw, you just quit mopin', an' take your self out yonder, and feed them hogs, and don't you say nothin more to me about it."

He didn't say any more to her about it, but he didn't stop thinking of it. All day following the plow his thoughts were on going away where he could have money and clothes and buy all the liquor he wanted and ride in cars like White Folks. He was sick of getting up by the bell at sun-up. Of slavin all day and getting a dollar a week. He didn't say any more to his mother about it, but he made his plans.

The next Saturday when he went to get his dollar he told the Man to put it up for him. He told him he was going to save it for Christmas. The Man had wanted to know what he was going to do—have a good time? He knew better than to tell his real reason. He wouldn't tell anybody what he was going to do with it. His mother might hear of it and he didn't want her to know a thing. She thought he was too no count to save any money. Well he could show her for once she was wrong. When he was gone would be time enough for her to know. When he started to sending her money she would be glad.

So he worked all of the fall and didn't draw his money. He just let it lay there and wait for Christmas. He would have a big check then. More money than he had ever dreamed of having. He got along very well on the liquor his friends treated him with and the occasional dime he got from his mother. She didn't ever get suspicious. She just thought he was throwing his money away as usual. It was hard for everybody to understand why George was so happy. He never grumbled about money as he used to do, even though he never had any. They couldn't figure it out, but George could.

FINALLY it was the Saturday before Christmas. Everybody was going to get the last check before Christmas so that they could go to town and do their Christmas trading. George lingered behind every one. He didn't want a soul to see how much he was drawing. They would get suspicious. Now that his plan was this near the end, he didn't want any slip-up. Tomorrow he would stroll casually away and catch the train in town. He was a little afraid at the thought of riding the train. It would be his first time and he knew he would be panicky. But the thought of Cincinnati was overpowering. When he thought of the things he would do there, everything else faded into the background.

When the commissary was empty, he went in. The Man was standing behind the wired fronting that was the office.

"Howdy Boss," George said, his white teeth showing in a happy grin.

"Howdy boy, what you want in here?" was the reply.

"I just thought I'd git that little change," George continued to grin.

"What little change?" the white man asked.

George's grin faded, "Why boss," he said, "you know the money I been let stay here 'til Christmas."

"Your Ma got it," the man said.

"Ma got it," George was dazed, bewildered, "but Ma don't know nothing about that money."

"Well she got it just the same."

"But that was my money."

"Can't help it, your Ma said you warn't grown. And long as you ain't grown what you make belongs to her."

"But how she know about it?" George was almost in tears.

"Well I asked her why you was saving your money 'till Christmas and she said she didn't know nothing about it. I told her what you told me and she said you was 'bout saving it up to run away. She said you'd been doing a lot of talk about Cincinnati and that you must have meant to use the money to go there with. So she said to just keep saving the money and not to mention it to you and that Christmas she and me would settle. Today she come in and I give her some of it, the rest I put on her debt. So I guess if you going to Cincinnati you better start walkin'. It's a mighty long ways, they tell me." He turned his back to the wire fronting.

George stood a moment in dazed perplexity. He had to let it filter through his mind. His mother had found out. She had taken the money he had worked so hard for, had been saving for his trip. She and the agent had plotted up on him. His mother had paid his money on a debt that had been on them all their life and that no amount of money could settle. The debt—it might as well be the well or the river. The money would do just as well in either one. Debt—George wanted to laugh. All his life, all his mother had made had gone to pay on the debt, and the debt was not paid yet, and would never be paid because the white folks kept the books. They had cheated him. He wanted to laugh. It was funny. But he was aching so. Well, he would cheat them. He wouldn't work another day on the plantation.

That night George slipped out of the house with a little bundle. He didn't have his Christmas check but he was going. He looked back at the house and grinned derisively. He stopped at the forks of the road. Then he went in the direction of the North.

A FEW weeks after Christmas some of the dailies carried a small item in an obscure corner of their paper saying that a Negro had been found hanging on a tree in Kentucky. Apparently he had been left there by a mob. The papers had information that a Negro had insulted a white woman and this Negro had been found lurking in the vicinity. He was not quite dead when the officers found him, but they had been unable to make sense of his confused mutterings before he died. His name was George and he kept talking about a Christmas check and Cincinnati; he mumbled about white snow falling and trees decorated with shining ice.

Back in Georgia, Mollie was tying up the white folks's clothes in old newspapers. She was telling Callie how George had run away and that he never was no good nohow. She didn't care if she didn't never see him no more. Her hand covered an obscure corner of a newspaper.

But Mollie couldn't read any way.

The Voice of Ethiopia

By RUFUS GIBSON

What voice this be
That strangely calls to me
From out the maze of dreams my slumbers bring?
Ah! no this seems no captive's cry to be;
For yesternight I heard its clarion ring
Within my thoughts dense wilderness, when sleep
Her somniferous breath upon my eyes
Had blown, bidding my soul its tryst to keep.

I heard it say
"Children arise! arise!
Now gather to me out of every land
To which the four-winds bore you long ago,—
Come you to me again, a motley band,
Come children all that from my loins did grow,
Bring borrowed jewels from the strangers' camps
Yet while in sleep upon their beds they lie,
Bring to your Motherland oil for her lamps
To light the path on which your brethren ply
Through centuries of deep and dark content.
O come! but not as prodigals to me,
Or wayward children seeking to repent
Your sins; for from all guilt are you made free.
Gird well your loins, take up both sword and shield
And forthwith march. As warriors, meet the foe
As did your sires who ne'er to tyrants yield;
But by their righteous might gave blow for blow
Until the foes of peace were driven back
Beyond the hills from whence sweet waters flow.

O! sons of mine of regal bronze and black—
My queenly daughters, hither come I pray!
Long since have ravenous hordes despoiled our land,
Long centuries did they our trust betray.
Now Ethiopia must stretch forth her hand
First unto God for refuge and for strength,
That we may now our Nativeland reclaim
And drive usurpers from its breadth and length.
O sons and daughters mine, let not in shame
Men rise to speak of Ethiopia's name."

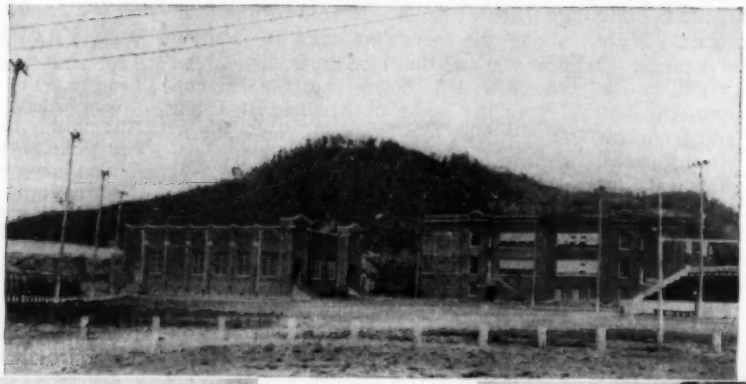
Happy New Year!

(The Last Day)

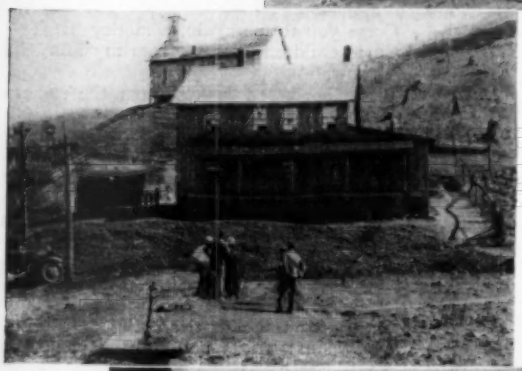
By EDWARD DEJOIE BURBRIDGE

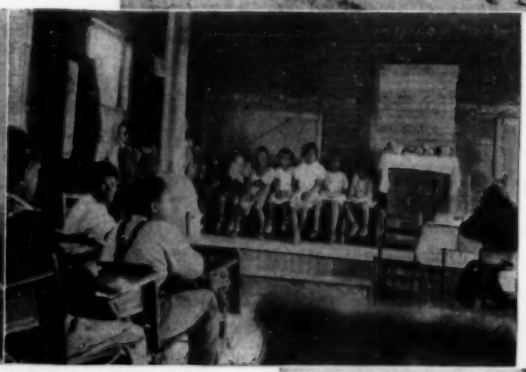
So passed the sun over the South,
And from every praying Negro's mouth,
Came this lay,
Old year, so you've gone at last,
Ring those cow bells mighty fast,
Thank God, no rope was stretched today!

WHITE AND BLACK SCHOOLS



Wise County, Virginia





AT the top is the Coeburn Consolidated elementary and high school (white). There are individual desks for every pupil. The small building to the left is the gymnasium and auditorium. In the foreground is an athletic field with flood lights for night football games. In October, 1935, a large gang of FERA labor was leveling off the ground behind the gymnasium to provide more play and parking space.

The three pictures to the left show the Tom's Creek elementary school (colored), three miles from Coeburn. The School is held in an abandoned boarding house belonging to the Virginia Iron, Coal & Coke Company, formerly used for Negro miners. There are no individual desks or playground here.

The three pictures to the right show

(*Continued on page* 28)

Senator Glass Aided School Inequalities

By Charles H. Houston

IN 1902 by Constitutional Convention, Virginia adopted a new constitution. The primary purpose of the new constitution was to eliminate the Virginia Negro from politics and perpetuate the rule of the white democratic party. The minimum public school term was cut from five months to four months with the fixed determination of keeping the Negro in such a state of ignorance that he might never constitute a challenge to white supremacy in the state.

Listen to the words of United States Senator Carter Glass (then a delegate to the Constitutional Convention from Lynchburg) as he addressed the Convention November 22, 1901, on the subject of the minimum school term.

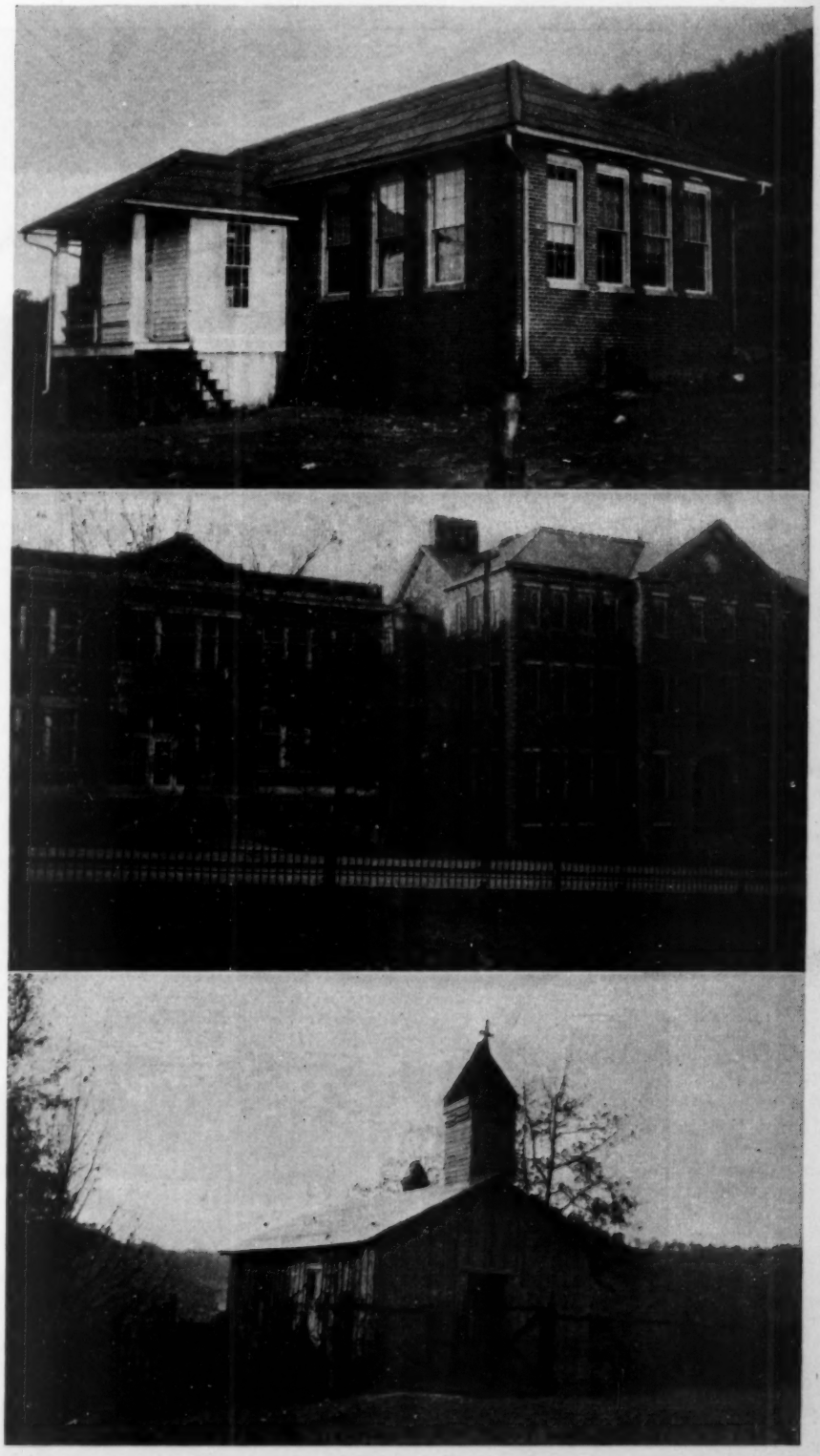
Mr. Glass: . . . "After they have established the primary schools, the local authorities are authorized to tax the people of any county, town, or school district; the fund derived from this local body—after the primary schools have been run for four months—may be used for the purpose of establishing and maintaining schools of a higher grade. To speak without disguise, Mr. Chairman, the local school fund, assessed alike against blacks and whites, may, by constitutional sanction, be devoted to the maintenance exclusively of white schools, provided the primary schools of a city, county, or school district have first been maintained for a period of four months.

"In brief, sir, section 7 of the pending report is so far a departure from existing law that the local authorities of any city, county, or school district are implicitly authorized, after they have maintained a system of primary schools for four months, to appropriate every stiver of the money remaining in the local fund to the establishment and maintenance of schools of a higher grade for white children alone.

"—Your committee has so modified the statutory requirement for a five months school term for Negro children, so as to enable the local authorities to give them only a four months term." (Debates, pp. 1219–1220.)

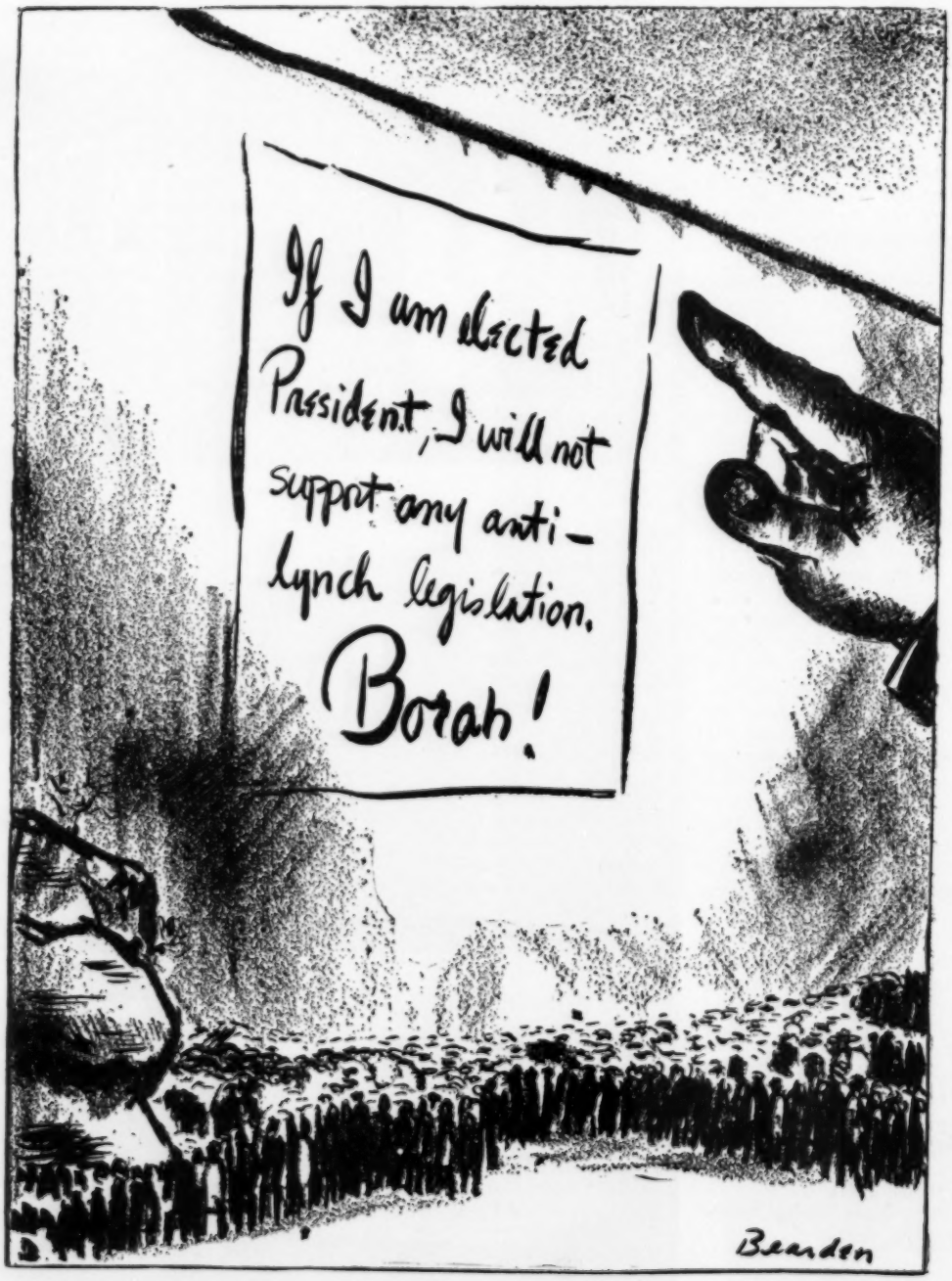
Just as Senator Glass spoke "with-

(*Continued on page 27*)



Photographs of schools at Norton, Wise County, Va.: Top, Negro elementary school; center, white consolidated elementary and high school; bottom, Negro high school

THE HANDWRITING ON THE WALL



Courtesy *Afro-American*

Editorials

Gems from Law Officers

CLASSIC phrases have come out of America's pastime of lynching and one of the best of them from Texas in November when two Negro boys, 15 and 16 years of age, were lynched at Columbus, Tex. Said one official charged with enforcing law and order: "It was the will of the people." As striking a capsule remark as this is, however, it has a serious rival in the wisdom of a county prosecutor in Excelsior Springs, Mo., who gave forth in August, 1925, following a lynching: "Justice has been done." Even this supremacy is threatened again by Texas, whose Dan Moody, then governor, delivered himself, following the Sherman, Tex., lynching in May, 1930, of the extraordinary command to his Texas Rangers: "Protect the Negro but don't shoot!" which brings up again the question of ——

Can the States Stop Lynching?

NO one who has given as much as twenty minutes to a study of the crime of lynching can fail to realize at the very outset that either the states cannot or will not stop the crime. We defy anyone to read the account of the attempt of the state of Maryland in 1933 to apprehend the known lynchers of George Armwood at Princess Anne, as recorded in a Senate report by the Hon. W. Preston Lane, attorney general of Maryland, and remain convinced that this is a crime which the states can handle. Similarly, we invite attention to the White Bluffs, Tenn., lynching early in November of this year where the mob leaders borrowed the gun of a deputy sheriff, killed the Negro, returned the gun with grins and thanks and went free, even though detained a few days by a so-called "trial." And these are not isolated cases.

It is maintained that lynching can be cured by education. Passing and enforcing laws is merely one method of education. No one maintains that mere laws will stop lynching. Laws have not stopped murder. Where would most of us be today had we depended upon education and the slow raising of cultural levels to save us from thieves and killers?

In communities like Columbus, Tex., Princess Anne, Md., White Bluffs, Tenn., Slayden, Miss., and Franklinton, La., it will be almost doomsday before the communities of themselves develop a *mores* which does not include the lynching of Negroes. It has to be driven home to these people that lynching, like murder and theft, will be punished. The states have not the inclination or the power to do this. A federal law might do it and that is why a federal law ought to be passed.

United Effort Long Overdue

IN the troublesome times at hand when, in many countries of the world, the rights of minority groups are being trampled underfoot, it should be self-evident to minority groups in this country that the best insurance against the destruction of their liberties is joint action against the forces of reaction.

For many years the Negro has preached and entreated this joint action; the more militant sections of the Negro group have pointed out again and again that a kind of fascism practiced against Negroes would some day be turned against other minorities. Most white people in this country, including members of groups who, like the Negro, have suffered proscription, have chosen to approach the so-called Negro problem with a sort of paternalistic attitude. They chose to uplift the "poor Negro" rather than work with him in a sincere effort to improve America. They never identified their liberties with his. Many of them have joined with those who have exploited the Negro, little dreaming that they, themselves, might be the victims of vicious exploitation and unreasoning hatred at some future time.

Today there is urgent necessity for all these groups to map a cooperative program for their common safety. No race can solve the tragic problems of discrimination, proscription, segregation, bigotry and hatred by visiting upon another race the intolerance from which it seeks to escape. The Negro cannot make much progress reviling another race, nor can other races and groups protect themselves adequately by practicing contempt and arrogance toward the Negro. In the present world tension there are evidences that more and more individuals and groups appreciate the task ahead. The Negro stands ready to cooperate in the most suitable and effective ways to preserve the common good of all.

Borah Blunders

IN a future issue THE CRISIS expects to present a detailed article upon the record of the "liberal" senator from Idaho, the Honorable William E. Borah. For the present it need only be said that Mr. Borah, by his blunt statement that he would veto any federal anti-lynching bill if he were President because he believes such legislation unconstitutional, committed a blunder. THE CRISIS would be the last to insist that Mr. Borah's statement will lose him all potential Republican supporters who hate lynching. Knowing something of the curious mazes through which voters adhere to party politics, we would not dare assert that Mr. Borah's statement will lose him *all* Negro votes where Negroes exercise the ballot. The John J. Parker fight is too fresh in our minds, with its demonstration that there will be always some Negroes who will "go down the line for the party" no matter what happens or what is said.

We do believe, however, that the senator has underestimated the number of people who cannot approve of him in the light of this single pronouncement; we think he has overestimated the number in the South who will applaud him for it.

Finally, there is a not inconsiderable number of people who cannot understand why Mr. Borah thinks the Federal government—constitutionally—can go outside of its borders and investigate alleged persecution of Mexican citizens in Mexico, but that same Federal government cannot take any steps to investigate or punish the perpetrators of barbarous persecutions of *our own citizens within the borders of our own country*. If Mr. Borah should stumble in trying to explain this curious logic, perhaps the famed legal staff of the American Liberty League will aid him.

Time to Act

THE Italian war machine—most deadly to take the field since the World War—started rolling into Ethiopia sixty-odd days ago, but has made hardly a dent in the country. Even from this distance and armed only with fragmentary information, we suggest that Europe had better do something pretty soon to save Mussolini because Europe is in a tight spot. She doesn't want Mussolini to win and she does not feel she can afford to have Ethiopia win. If it is bad business to have the power-drunk Duce bossing the headwaters of the Nile and commanding the Red Sea, it is equally bad business for black fighters to discover that white men can be defeated and killed just as are other men.

Can the States Stop Lynching?

(*Continued from page 7*)

denly again started fighting and I put my pistol against his head and pulled the trigger but the weapon only snapped and others present wouldn't let me kill him." Ward at the time was shackled.

The sheriff and a deputy were intercepted by a mob of 25 men when they sought to take the prisoner out of the county for "safekeeping." The officers put up no resistance. Governor Ehringhaus learned of the projected lynching and ordered out all available members of the state highway patrol and Company C, 120th Infantry, North Carolina National Guard, from Henderson. Ward was hanged before they arrived, so the patrolmen directed the immense stream of traffic to and from the grove where Ward's body, riddled with bullets, hanged from a tree. The National Guardsmen idled around while one of them cut off one of Ward's big toes as a souvenir.

Although the sheriff had lived all of his life in the county and was personally acquainted with most of its residents, he could not identify any of the mob. Subsequent "investigation" was also barren of results, though directed by Attorney General Seawell and Solicitor Bickett on orders of the Governor.

The N.A.A.C.P. hired a Southern white man to make an independent investigation. He secured the names of nine of the lynchers. The report containing these names was sent to the Governor who expressed confidence that the attorney general and Solicitor Bickett would do their best to fix responsibility.

Nothing so far has happened, and as the Anderson (S. C.) *Record* stated "it is our guess that this investigation will end like all the rest."

I take occasion to say now that this deplorable offense against society probably would be better handled by the states themselves if there were no attempt to interfere with them through federal legislation.

—*Senator Walter George of Georgia in the Congressional Record for April* 16, 1935.

A Mob's Error

This is just one of those unfortunate cases where a Negro is lynched by mistake. On November 13 another Negro, John Henry Sloan, was placed on trial in Moultrie for the murder of the white man, whom "Bo" Brinson was accused of killing. Brinson's family reported that he was fatally beaten by the mob on October 16. None of the mob members has been indicted for the lynching, and the Brinson family, of course, has not been recompensed for his death.

Drunk, Disorderly and Lynched

Lewis Harris did not commit "the usual crime." No white woman hurled accusations at him. He just imbibed too deeply and threatened Sheriff Bos Vinson with a gun, so it was said. That was enough for the citizens of Vienna, Ga. He was hanged forthwith on September 28. There was no investigation of this mob murder by "unknown parties." But the State of Georgia, whose Senator George violently opposed a federal anti-lynching bill, will see that "justice is done" in its traditional manner.

I am not in favor of the passage of that (Costigan-Wagner) bill, believing that the subject-matter can be best handled by the states.

—*Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas in a letter to* The Crisis, *December* 1, 1934.

"The Will of the People"

Benny Mitchell and Ernest Collins were lynched near Columbus, Tex., November 12.

After the two Negroes, respectively 15 and 16 years of age had been taken from officers "without a struggle" and lynched by 700 Texas patriots, despite the efforts of Episcopal rector, the Reverend E. B. Marmion, to dissuade them, County Attorney O. P. Moore characterized the crime as "an expression of the will of the people." The Negro boys were accused of criminally attacking and drowning a 19-year-old white girl, three weeks before.

Sheriff Frank E. Hoegemeyer said he didn't think there would be any immediate investigation. "I didn't recognize any of the mob" he added, "and I have no clues to go on. I guess the grand jury will make an investigation. It meets in February.

"I do not call the citizens who executed the Negroes a mob," the county attorney assured reporters.

County Judge H. P. Hahn while expressing himself as "strongly opposed to mob violence and favor orderly process of the law" added: "The fact that the Negroes who so brutally murdered Miss Kolimann could not be adequately punished by the law because of their ages prevents me from condemning those citizens who meted out justice to the ravishing murderers last night."

These remarks reassured the lynchers none of whom has been arrested.

So far as I am concerned I am perfectly willing to trust to the justice of the people rather than to the justice merely of judges appointed for life.

—*Senator Hugo Black of Alabama in the Congressional Record for April* 29, 1935.

"The Deputies Made No Effort to Draw Their Guns"

Three days after Mrs. James Jones, white, was cut on her arm by a Negro robber whose only weapon was "a small knife," Reuben Stacey was arrested near Deerfield, Fla., following an intensive hunt spurred by radio broadcasts from Miami. After being "identified" by Mrs. Jones, Stacey was taken by three officers to Miami for "safekeeping," following a circuitous route rather than the main road. Sheriff Walter R. Clark remained in his office.

Pursued by five carloads of masked mobsters, the officers were at last "overtaken." According to the Miami Beach *Daily Tribune* reporter "The deputies made no effort to draw their guns." Deputy Virgil Wright who drove the officers' car explained "We didn't have a chance and they took Stacey away from us in a few seconds."

Stacey was hung to a pine tree July 19 in Mrs. Jones' yard and his body riddled with bullets.

A coroner's inquest returned a verdict of "homicide by persons unknown." Senator Park Trammell of Florida who opposed consideration of the Costigan-Wagner federal anti-lynching bill on the grounds that the states could prevent lynching, failed to reply to an N.A.A.C.P. telegram urging him to spur Florida officials to action.

Lynched by a Family

Baxter Bell won the dubious distinction of being lynched by a mob consisting of a single family. It was after Bell had spent the night in the local jail and was about to be taken to the Cheatham County jail at Ashland after having breakfast, that the four Dotson brothers and their cousin Allie Brown "overpowered" the officers who had him in custody, took their weapons, carried the Negro five miles out of White Bluffs, Tenn., and shot him to death, November 4. Bell was accused of having "insulted" Mrs. Luther Dotson, 37, in a Negro drinking place whence she had gone to slake her thirst. Her husband admitted that he killed the Negro with one of the officers' guns. The five lynchers surrendered and were jailed.

The lynchers were placed on trial November 14. They were acquitted by a jury of Cheatham County farmers on November 18. Circuit Judge Wirt Courtney denounced the jury, saying, "I am astounded at your verdict."

From the Press of the Nation

Editorial of the Month

Following Senator Borah

Greensboro (N. C.) *Daily News*

While the *Daily News* has steadfastly admired Senator Borah and loses no admiration in the senator's clearcut pronouncement of opposition to proposed federal anti-lynching legislation, an unusually strong statement from any one in political life, there is insurmountable difficulty in following the position which he assumes.

The leonine Idahoan would, if he were elected President, veto such legislation as the Costigan-Wagner act, were it passed, because of its unconstitutionality. Mr. Borah is one of the recognized constitutional authorities in Congress, and far be it from deponent to question, much less dispute, such erudition. We only know, without attempting to interpret, what we read in that document; i.e., stipulation in the fifth amendment that "No person shall be . . . deprived of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law" and again in the sixth that "the accused shall enjoy the right to a speedy and public trial" under conditions which include presentation of witnesses against him, "compulsory process for obtaining witnesses in his favor" and the "assistance of counsel for his defense." How the seizure of a suspect and the taking of his life stack up with these guarantees, Senator Borah can doubtless explain. Somewhere in that explanation, however, impotence of the states, to whom the responsibility may be intrusted, will have to be given consideration. When the states do not meet their responsibilities and obligations, what then anent the constitutional guarantees which are flouted?

The senator from Idaho will likewise face the item of his inarticulation upon other measures which have been enacted by Congress in recent times and which appear to go equally far beyond the constitutional limitations which he envisions. The Lindbergh kidnaping act is an ever present case in point. Several kidnapings have centered in the states where they occurred, but that circumstance did not preclude federal assistance in their solution. On the other hand, lynchings may take and have taken on interstate aspects. Remember that instance of several months ago when a Florida mob took a Negro from an Alabama jail and carried him back across the line to wreak its vengeance? Yet, so far as the public has been advised, there was no calling of Washington's attention to what transpired, much less a move to do anything about it.

With all the stretching to which the constitution has been subjected, it is refreshing to hear somebody speak out as Mr. Borah has done; but that in no wise affects the clarity or the logic of his position.

Negroes are finding new help in their struggle for their rights. Two recent decisions by state courts, the one in Maryland which opened the state university, and the other in Oklahoma which stopped residential segregation, indicate that it is no longer Washington or nothing in their fight for justice.

There will be many a day and many a bitter disappointment before the Constitution's "equality before the law" will be fully attained. Remember it is not yet available for whites, who struggle for it in every state with all the might of organized votes and combined money. Therefore it is not necessarily race and color that keeps it out of Negroes' reach.

This one thing is true—the very effort of getting the law's promises fulfilled will make Negroes strong, self-reliant and respected. This changing attitude of the state courts is the most hopeful sign yet—that and the struggles of Negroes which bring it about. . . .—*The Call*, Kansas City, Mo.

Italy requires over 50,000 gallons of gasoline a day to keep her war machine in Africa functioning. Two hundred and fifty airplanes drink 15,000 gallons daily. Five thousand motor vehicles consume 37,500 gallons. Without gasoline planes, tanks, trucks and motorized artillery cannot move, and all advantage over the Ethiopians is lost.

Mussolini knows this, hence his challenge to the League to not impose oil sanctions or to court war. The next two weeks will be momentous ones in the history of the world.

Either Mussolini or the League must go. Both cannot stay. Indeed, it is possible that neither can stay. Perhaps this is the beginning of the end of white world supremacy. —Pittsburgh *Courier*.

In various sections of the country it can be easily discerned that the American Negro is not only protesting against discriminatory practices but he has adopted the attitude that conditions MUST change. The Negro is no longer accepting discrimination as a "matter of course" but is convinced that it must be destroyed or he will never enjoy the benefits of good citizenship. In many cities the Negro has adopted a do-or-die attitude and this is fast becoming the spirit of the Negro in New Jersey.—Newark *Herald*.

Uncle Arthur Brisbane, Hearst's colorphobist editor, is surprised to find our country siding with Ethiopia in its war with Italy. He alleges that Ethiopian barbarians mutilate children and men and laugh as they do it.

Well, over here our Southland not only mutilates but torments prisoners in stocks and chain gangs. Sometimes it hangs and burns them while a whole countryside shouts in high glee.—*Afro-American*.

In a reply to a letter sent to him by Atty. Matthew W. Bullock, Walter Shaw, membership director of the Huntington avenue branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, definitely states that there is no discrimination against colored youths as far as that branch is concerned. In plain words, he tells the world that colored men and boys are not denied membership or accommodation at the branch in our vicinity. Unlike other cities in America, Boston has no separate Y.M.C.A. branch for colored persons. We have always deplored discriminatory action and deemed it unworthy of so great an institution as the Young Men's Christian Association. The exhibition of prejudice against fellow human beings is not in accordance with the tenets of Christianity, and in catering to it the Y.M.C.A. belies the "C" in its nomenclature, for it stands for Christianity. It is a CHRISTIAN association, and in the sight of the Master all men are brothers.—Boston *Chronicle*.

Texas Holiday

By Harold Preece

This might have been written by a Negro or a northern white man, but it wasn't. Its author was born and reared in the South and still lives there—in Texas

THE hot Texas sun bakes Columbus to a crisp during the summer months. Its two thousand citizens manage to combat the malaria-bearing mosquitoes with generous drams of hard liquor and home brew. During the winter, the residents loaf around the postoffice or the railway station, gossiping about the rice market and discoloring the sidewalks with tobacco juice. Half-empty stores fill the main street: tokens of the spiritual decadence that manifests itself in clandestine adulteries and violent killings.

Lately, the monotony has been broken by something more exciting than the annual visit of the dog-and-pony show. "The youngest niggers ever lynched in the state," the deacons and garage mechanics of Columbus are congratulating each other. That this particular act of violence amounts to a denial of justice for the twenty-five per cent of the county's population who are black—foolishness! "A nigger ain't got no rights down here"—an ancient dogma hissed between rotting, yellow teeth; a dogma more potent in Texas than the equally familiar homilies about faith and good works.

Under a humane civilization, Ernest Collins, fifteen, and Benny Mitchell, sixteen, would not have had to steal pecans for the satisfaction of their hunger. Nor would their minds have reflected an abnormal concentration upon sex. In all probability, they would have been attending school, preparing themselves to be decent members of an equitable society. Today, in Colorado county, it is not the two dead boys who are the guilty. For those who presided over the final agonies stand accused by all the principles of mercy and justice. The executioners themselves set the patterns of viciousness and frustration encircling the lives of the slain. There were men in that degenerate mob who had raped Negro women, men who had never known any morality save the chance of the moment, men who would that very night sleep in strange beds.

All that month, between the arrest of the boys and their deaths, the fury of the town had been increasing. People who had been cursing the President or the weather suddenly found more tangible objects for their venom. "There wasn't a finer little girl in the county than Geraldine Kollman," they exclaimed to each other a hundred times a day. "Dirty black ——— knocked her off her horse when she got after them about taking her dad's pecans. Raped her and throwed her in Cummins Creek. Just wait until the sheriff brings 'em back from Houston."

Sheriff Frank E. Hoegemeyer had taken away the boys for safe-keeping as soon as they had been apprehended in connection with the death of the nineteen-year old girl. The local champions of southern womanhood (during the day) were especially indignant because the defendants were under the minimum age of capital punishment. "They'll get out of the reformatory at twenty-one and start raping more white girls," the cavaliers said while biting into fresh plugs of tobacco. "Yeah, and like my grandad said, the only good nigger is a dead nigger," would be the reply.

Taken from Sheriff

On November 12th, the day before the scheduled trial, Sheriff Hoegemeyer went to Houston for his prisoners. Evidently, the whole town had been tipped off beforehand by some none too conscientious person "in the know." That night, Hoegemeyer and Deputy Berry Townsend were halted by a cortege of automobiles on the Colorado River bridge between Altair and Columbus. Ten or fifteen men climbed on the running boards of the sheriff's car and dragged out the two boys. The officers surrendered the prisoners, permitted themselves to be disarmed, and handed over their car keys without firing a shot.

Anyone who has ever mourned the world's cruelty can appreciate that last ordeal of the two victims. The boys were bound together with a connecting chain around their necks, and tossed into the back of an automobile. En route, the victims attempted to strangle themselves with the chain; but even this benediction of mercy was denied by their captors. "You ain't gonna die—yet," the driver flung back across his shoulder.

The savage procession—seven hundred strong including several women—passed through Columbus, reaching a tall live oak tree one mile north of the town and near the Kollman farm. The rays of a bright moon touched the leaves of the oak. Lights from automobiles flooded the ground with an ominous brilliance.

The boys were hustled under the tree, while a man severed the chain from their necks. Others placed two new ropes over the top-most limbs, arranging the hemp in nooses about the necks of the terrified captives. And at this time, the only advocate of legality vainly tried to make himself heard.

"Don't do this awful thing, men," the Reverend C. G. Marmion, young Episcopal rector, pleaded from the roof of a car. "Let the law take its course. You know these Negroes will be punished. Don't take the law into your own hands."

Rope for the Reverend

With all due credit to the Reverend Marmion, it should be recalled that, whatever the evidence, no southern Negro can hope to be acquitted on a charge of rape. Witness the Scottsboro cases! The Columbus mob, I say in all sincerity, would not have listened to Christ himself pleading for the lives of these two. Reverend Marmion was asked raucously, "What if it had been your sister they murdered and raped?"

A shrill voice on the outskirts yelled, "Get another rope. He wears his collar backwards anyhow." With a resigned manner, the young minister climbed down and walked away from the crowd.

"You boys got anything to say before being strung up?" the leader of the mob asked the condemned.

"Oh Lord, white folks, please don't do this," Ernest Collins screamed.

"I'll talk," Benny Mitchell volunteered frantically. "I'll tell you all about it."

Thereupon, he began an incoherent story implicating a third youth whom the mob was unable to locate later. While he was still talking, men began pulling on the rope fastened around the neck of his comrade. Ernest Collins' feet left the ground as he raised his hands and clutched above his head at the rope. Three huskies lunged forward, like football players, and tackled him around the legs. His neck broke with a sharp snap.

Benny Mitchell was speaking frantically when a voice shouted, "Up with him, boys!" His last phrase remained unfinished as his body was jerked abruptly into the air. The head cracked when it came into contact with the heavy limb, causing the victim almost to be decapitated.

The mob drove away shrieking, "Let's get that third one."

Thus, Columbus celebrated a char-

acteristically Texas holiday. Every inference leads to the conclusion that the affair was "an inside job," consented to by those sworn to maintain constitutional authority. This is not the first time in the South that mobs have met officers at convenient bridges and abducted Negro prisoners. Deputy Townsend expressed doubt that any third Negro had been involved in the death of Geraldine Kollman. But he praised the mob for treating himself and his superior so gently. The contrasted treatment accorded those kidnapped is, of course, another story.

Moreover, Sheriff Hoegemeyer contradicted himself when questioned concerning the identities of those comprising the mob. He asserted vehemently that he did not recognize any of the men who approached him since they were allegedly masked. But almost in the same breath, he let slip this admission:

"They weren't all from Columbus. I recognized people and cars there from Gonzales, Weimar, Eagle Lake, and even Houston."

Eagle Lake happens to be in the same county as Columbus, if that fact means anything to the county sheriff. Needless to say, any Texas rural officer generally knows everybody within his jurisdiction. In addition, it is certainly the plain duty of Sheriff Hoegemeyer to reveal the names of mob members from other counties to their respective sheriffs.

"Will of the People"

But it remained for County Attorney O. P. Moore, of Columbus, to utter the most infamous statement ever made by an American prosecutor.

"I do not call the citizens who executed the Negroes a mob," he stated. "I consider their action an expression of the will of the people."

County Judge H. P. Hahn was a bit more pious in his utterance. With true political sagacity, the Judge simultaneously approved and rebuked the lynchers in his comment:

"I am strongly opposed to mob violence and favor orderly process of the law. The fact that the Negroes, who so brutally murdered Miss Kollman, could not be adequately punished by law because of their ages prevents me from condemning those citizens who meted justice to the ravishing murderers last night."

There is every prospect that not one single member of the mob will be punished. The Colorado county grand jury does not meet until February, and its panel may include some of the lynchers themselves. Obviously, none of the veniremen would be disposed to return indictments for such a lightly regarded offense as killing two Negroes. Nor does District Attorney R. A. Weinert seem inclined to press the matter.

Mrs. Jessie Daniel Ames, Executive Director of the Association of Southern Women for Prevention of Lynching, demanded before a convention of Texas club women that Governor James V. Allred investigate the matter. Unfortunately, Governor Allred is a typical Southern politician. During a conference of governors, last June, he denounced heatedly the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill, swearing that the measure would violate state sovereignty. As Attorney-General, he ruled that the State Democratic Executive Committee might legally debar Negroes from the party primaries. As a candidate for Governor in 1934, he shouted at one political meeting:

"Stand back, you niggers, so that white democrats may hear what I have to say."

Clearly, the Negroes of the South have no safety so long as they remain the disfranchised, starving menials of an outgrown social system. Lynching is simply the extra-legal arm of Southern feudalism: a flamboyant substitute for the more tacit cruelty of the courts. I know the Negroes of the South as friends and fellowworkers. Today they walk in terror. Tomorrow they will resist!

Gets Ph.D. Degree

Cyril Fitzgerald Atkins was awarded the degree of doctor of philosophy at the August convocation of the University of Iowa. This is the first time in the history of the university that the degree of doctor of philosophy has been conferred upon a Negro. Dr. Atkins received his Ph.D. in the field of Organic Chemistry, writing his dissertation on "Formyl derivatives of O-ominophenol and their relations to molecular rearrangement."

He is a native of Barbados, British West Indies, having come to this country in 1917. His undergraduate work was taken at Tufts College, where he received the bachelor of science degree in chemistry, 1924. He began his graduate work immediately in the fall of 1924, at the University of Iowa, where the master of science degree in chemistry was conferred in June, 1925.

Dr. Atkins has had nine years' experience in teaching chemistry; he was a member of the faculty at A. and T. College, Greensboro, North Carolina, for three years; a member of the faculty at Wiley College, Marshall, Texas, for two years; at present he is professor of chemistry at Johnson C. Smith, Charlotte, North Carolina, where he has been since 1931. He is a member of the American Chemistry Society; an associate member of the American Museum of Natural History; and a member of Omega Psi Phi fraternity.

My Country, 'Tis of Thee Sweet Land of Liberty—

This is a picture of what happens in America—*and no other place on earth!* Here is the U. S. rope and faggot record to date:

Lynchings since January 1:

19

●

Lynchings during same period last year:

16

●

Total lynchings since 1882:

5,087

●

(Figures as of December 15)

You can help stamp out lynch law by joining the forces who are campaigning for the passage of a federal anti-lynching law by the U. S. congress. Write the N.A.A.C.P. for information: 69 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Sidelights on Crime

CONSIDERABLE discussion of the Negro citizen of New York State, the problems of delinquency, of crime and the general position of the Negro was held during the conference called by Governor Lehman in Albany, September 30–October 3.

THE CRISIS presents below an excerpt from the official proceedings giving the remarks of Golden B. Darby, former president of the New York State Conference of Negro Social Workers. Following Mr. Darby's remarks on the problems of Negro delinquents will be found a short but significant statement by Edward P. Mulrooney, former Commissioner of Police of the City of New York and now head of the State Alcoholic Beverage Board.

MR. DARBY: I consider it a high privilege to represent the Negro people as a member of Governor Lehman's Crime Committee at this Conference. Probably there is not any group of citizens in our commonwealth who are so submerged as the Negro people.

I have been given a topic to discuss entitled, "What are the special problems of the young Negro delinquent?" Personally, I think we are all special problems and there would be no need for the terminology, if we were advanced just a little further in our social and educational development.

One cannot speak of the "Special Problems of the Young Negro Delinquents" without immediately involving a complete cross-section of cultural life today, the economic, political, social and religious factors, together with the institutions that attempt to guide and control their conduct. The delinquent problem of the young Negro is basically and fundamentally comparable to the general problem of all juvenile delinquents, except that his racial identity gives rise to treatment difficulties and intensifies the problem of adjustment.

When the young Negro delinquent comes before the court he is more than himself; he is the personification of all the people who have moulded him, their economic and social struggles, and their resulting philosophies. The Negro child, in common with all children, has two fundamental needs—the need of security and the need for development. He needs to feel that he is wanted, loved and understood—that he is accepted. This to him is security. He needs to grow, to have new experiences, to achieve, to adventure and gain self-confidence—this to him is development. These needs must be satisfied or else his delinquent problems will grow. With

Herewith are presented two excerpts from the proceedings of the Governor's Conference on Crime, the Criminal and Society, held in Albany, N. Y., September 30-October 3, 1935

his assumption of the basic needs, we attempt to understand the delinquent's contacts and conflicts in his social relationship with his family, his school, the state, the community, his work and social dogmas.

The Family

Normally, children turn to their families for security, but five years of depression and unemployment has taken its toll in the breakdown and break-up of Negro families, many of whom were still in the process of urbanization, which enhanced their difficulty to survive, thus paving the way for complete disintegration and placing on the shoulders of children responsibilities beyond their capacities. When the home failed him, he did not understand; he only knew that he had been denied and, with his parents, became embittered against the forces that provoked the situation.

A high percentage of delinquency may be traceable to the schoolroom. This is primarily due in most instances to the inability of the teacher to over-ride racial prejudice and seek a more intimate understanding of the Negro pupil that reaches beyond his classroom work—such factors as his family, his neighborhood and the burdens involved in the earning life of himself and his family, which goes to make up his individuality. Lack of contact between school and parent creates innumerable problems, that would lack emphasis so far as children are concerned, and would make it less difficult for the child to adjust himself wholesomely without thought of race.

The State

The State, as well as the Negro child, has a basic need for security through preservation of order and public health and of development in the responsibility of each generation to equip the coming generation for effective living. It would seem that the state has definitely tended to care more for the security than the development of the Negro child. Every delinquent act, whatever else is evolved, contains a threat at the security of the state; yet the fact remains that we do not know the extent of delinquency among colored children.

While it is true that the delinquent population of all the state penal institutions has increased, it is also true that many were committed who should have been adjusted in their communities. Probably this large penal population might be attributed to the lack of employment of trained and understanding Negro probation and parole officers, the absence of intelligent Negroes from membership on state and local boards and commissions dealing with the general problems of delinquents, and the lack of any machinery to coordinate the work of the various preventive agencies.

Agnes Sullivan, in a recent survey of the delinquent Negro boy in New York City says, "that there are no agencies aside from the court, except the S.P.C.C., that offers care to the delinquent under twelve years and that many judges carry their cases until they reach commitment age as there is nothing else to do with them."

The community offers very little to Negro delinquents; in most cities his neighborhood is the worst section, often found in vice and crime areas and semi-commercial districts. The houses are usually deteriorated. There are few cities that offer adequate recreational facilities in Negro districts and where they do exist Negroes cannot enjoy them as a group because of discrimination.

Aside from New York City and Buffalo, there are no recreational centers that are sufficiently equipped to meet the need of the young delinquent. There are few social community organizations to supply him with the proper type of stimulus. He, therefore, naturally responds to what attracts and satisfies him, the very thing that will make him socially unadjusted.

Such a great share of the child's life is directly or indirectly related to work opportunities that none of his serious adjustive problems could escape relationship to what we call a job. The young Negro delinquent of work age is most seriously handicapped; there are no jobs for him and little if any effort is being made to place him. Jobs that are secured, even those outside of the street trade classification, fail to give adequate emotional satisfaction. Consequently, there is very little real job in his earning life. When the job fails, he fails.

Social Dogmas

The general attitude advanced by a number of police officials and others in

(*Continued on* page 27)

Along the N.A.A.C.P. Battlefront

Springfield, Mass., Report Shows Increase Over '34

The Springfield, Mass. branch has made its annual report to the national office through Dr. Bruce T. Bowens, secretary. It shows the total number of members secured during the year as 343, with a total amount raised from all sources for the year ending September 30, 1935, of $688.74. This total is 32 per cent above the total for 1934. The amount sent to the National Office was $415.95, or 16 per cent more than 1934. The report shows that, nationally, the branch secured the pledge of its congressmen for the Costigan-Wagner bill; was instrumental in distributing 56 copies of James Weldon Johnson's book, "Negro Americans, What Now," including one to the city library; protested against objectionable language on a national radio program; assisted in the fight for the Scottsboro youths, assisted in the sale of The Crisis; and fulfilled every request from the national office, including the raising of the annual apportionment of $300. Locally, the branch made a survey on the participation of colored people in the NRA, CWA, and other recovery projects in the city; the branch also settled one case of discrimination locally, and conferred on a legal case in Greenfield, Mass.; three large public meetings were held during the year in addition to the regular meetings; Harry M. Ehrlich, Esq., consented to become a member of the executive committee; the appointment of a substitute teacher in the public schools was secured; and numerous other local activities were successfully engaged in. The president of the branch is George C. Gordon; the vice-president is John H. Thomas; Roland Sawyer is assistant secretary and Alford H. Tavernier is treasurer. The executive committee: the Rev. William N. De Berry, the Rev. E. L. Blake, Jeane D. Gordon, Charles H. Jones, Charles A. Whaling, James H. Higgins, and Harry M. Ehrlich.

Christmas Seals Going Fast

The N.A.A.C.P. Christmas Seal sale from all indications seems headed to go over the top this year. So great has been the demand for seals that 100,000 additional ones were ordered.

December 15–22 was declared as national N.A.A.C.P. Christmas Seal Week, during which time the seal sale was pushed by more than 125 branches throughout the country. In addition to this, many colleges, high schools, insurance companies and individuals aided the sale in communities where there were no active branches.

On December 5, Joe Louis, the sensational young boxer, paused in the midst

of his training at the Pompton Lakes camp for the Paolino fight, to purchase a goodly number of seals. He posed for a picture showing him in the act of buying them from four-year-old little Ann Cooper, Harlem's youngest N.A.A.C.P. seal seller.

Among those purchasing seals have been Governor Herbert Lehman of New York; Senator Arthur Capper of Topeka, Kan.; James Weldon Johnson, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Sinclair Lewis, Gertrude Atherton, Carl Van Vechten, Mary White Ovington, noted authors; and W. A. Neilson, president of Smith college; John Hope, president of Atlanta university; Eugene Clark, president of Miner Teachers college; L. M. Rust, president of Rust college. Clarence Darrow, James Marshall, the Rev. John Haynes Holmes, the Rev. A. Clayton Powell and J. E. Spingarn were also included among the seal purchasers.

Reports of the chairmen of the N.A.A.C.P. Christmas Seal Committees will appear in the February and March editions of THE CRISIS. The following names of chairmen are those which arrived too late for publication in the December CRISIS:

Alabama: Birmingham, J. J. Green; Montgomery, H. C. Ball. Arkansas: Little Rock, Mrs. H. L. Porter. California: Los Angeles, Theodore Roberson; Needles, Mrs. J. A. Gregory; San Diego, E. W. Anderson; Stockton, Walter Austin. Florida: Daytona Beach, J. Lincoln Brown; St. Petersburg, N. W. Griffin. Georgia: Augusta, B. F. Logan; Rome, Mrs. Ada Smith. Illinois: Evanston, Mrs. Louise Mason; Rockford, Dr. Richard S. Grant. Indiana: Marion, Mrs. F. Katherine Bailey. Iowa: Ames, Mrs. C. A. Anthony; Council Bluffs, Mrs. Ida M. Giles. Kansas: Cowley County, Miss Alice Jones; Baxter Springs, Miss Helen Mitchell; Kansas City, Mrs. Elizabeth Buckner. Kentucky: Louisville, Mrs. Bessie S. Etherly. Louisiana: Monroe, Mrs. H. McClanahan; New Orleans, Miss Elise Lenoir; Plaquemine, H. A. Greene. Maryland: Annapolis, Robert Brooks. Massachusetts: Worcester, Mrs. Bertha McWhorter. Michigan: Flint, Augustus Turnipseed; Grand Rapids, John Shakleford; Lansing, John T. Letts; Port Huron, Leroy King. Mississippi: Como, J. E. Gipson; Meridian, Misses E. B. Ivy and M. L. Larkin. Missouri: Sedalia, Dr. C. C. Hubbard. Nebraska: Lincoln, L. K. Smith; Omaha, Mrs Lucille S. Edwards. New Jersey: East Orange, Mrs. Alethia Alexander; Montclair, William Sutherland, Jr.; Plainfield, Mrs. Daisy Johnson. New Mexico: Albuquerque, Mrs. Myrtle McDonald. New York: Auburn, Mrs. Guy Copes; Beacon, Misses Ann McBee and Mary Dawkins; New York City, Mrs. Celeste Samson. North Carolina: Durham, Miss Marion L. Southerland; Greensboro, W. J. Trent, Jr. Ohio: Alliance, Mrs. Annie Sykes; Akron, Emmer Martin Lancaster; Canton, A. A. Andrews; Hillsboro, Mrs. Elizabeth Young; Newark, Dr. A. S. Burton. Oklahoma: Chickasha, Miss Atha Reeves; Drumwright, William Lowe; McAlester, O. L. Cochran; Muskogee, Miss Willie May Maddux. Pennsylvania: Allegheny Valley, R. E. Weems; Bryn Mawr, Harrison Hobson; Fayette County, John Claxton; Johnstown, Miss Florence Davis; Lancaster, Harry Smith; Midland, Mrs. Viola Turyman; New Castle, Miss Anna E. Taylor; Philadelphia, Miss Frances Rankin, N.A.A.C.P. Youth Council; Pittsburgh, Mrs. Lottie B. Hightower; Scranton, Mrs. Bessie Smith; Uniontown, James Jackson. Rhode Island: Providence, Miss Doris Pettyjohn. South Dakota: Sioux Falls, Mrs. Harvey Mitchell. Texas: El Paso, Cleveland Jordan; San Antonio, Miss Lucille Bonnett. Virginia: Petersburg, Miss Dorothy V. Norris. Washington: Seattle, Miss Jamie Watson. West Virginia: Logan, J. E. Turner. Wyoming: Casper, Mrs. E. E. Sander.

Others assisting in the sale are Miss Maxine Randolph, Girl Reserves of Oklahoma City; Mrs. L. W. Curlin, Dunbar Elementary School of Miami, Fla.; G. D. Rogers, Central Life Insurance Company of Tampa, Fla.; William M. Duerson, K.O.H. Club of Bloomington, Ill.; Mrs. Katie Campbell, Epworth League of Lane Tabernacle C.M.E. Church of St. Louis, Mo.; Mrs. Harriet Lane Granger, Manual Training School, Bordentown, N. J.; J. E. Briggs, Benedict College, Columbia, S. C.; Moses D. Stone, Independent Social Club of Richmond, Va.; B. L. Jordan, Southern Aid Society, Richmond, Va.; Mrs. Memphis T. Garrison, Gary, W. Va.; originator of the N.A.A.C.P. Christmas seal idea.

Richmond Branch Seeks Increased Registration

The Richmond, Va. branch conducted a special campaign during the month of November to get the colored citizens to register and vote by pointing out that the registration during November would determine participation in the elections for the next four years. Leaflets were distributed with the following text:

Richmond Negroes are at the cross roads. The month of November will determine whether they will choose the road which will lead them out of political impotency, economic peril and social ostracism, or whether they will pick the one which will make their present pitiable plight more forlorn and deplorable.

Where the Right Road Leads

To:

A voice in the City Government.
More equitable distribution of tax monies.
Relief from the crowded conditions in elementary public schools.
Junior high schools for Negro children.
Negro principals for all Negro schools.
Redress for insults and rudeness to Negroes by city employees in the City Hall.
Abandonment of ban against the employment of Negroes under the city government.
Respectful consideration and action on complaints by Negroes against mistreatment and brutality on the part of police officers.
Abolition of differential in salaries paid Negro school teachers.
More adequate recreational facilities.
Improvement of the section of the city occupied by Negroes.
Justice in the courts and impartial law enforcement.
The uprooting of discrimination against Negroes in Federal Relief and Recovery measures.
Retarding the trend to replace Negro workers in businesses and in industry.

Where the Wrong Road Leads

To:

Increased discrimination and injustices.
Insults, Neglect and Poverty.
Disregard of Negro citizens in every community program and enterprise.
Fewer work opportunities for Negroes with dire results for Negro businesses, professions, religious and educational institutions.
Broadening of the policy of Jim-Crowism and Segregation.
Enactment of laws injurious to Negroes.
Inferior educational and recreational facilities.
Discrimination in living standards, living conditions and health safeguards.

In Self Defense:

Negroes must utilize the month of November to make sure that the RIGHT ROAD IS TAKEN.

The decision they make in November will determine their destinies for at least four years.

W h y

A Mayor of Richmond will be elected in 1936.
Members of the City Council will be elected in 1936.
A President of the United States and a new Congress will be elected in 1936.
Successful candidates in these elections will control the situation and dictate the policies vital to the interest of Negroes for the next four years.

Act Now or Suffer the Afflictions You Bear Now for the Next Four Years

Peggy Jean Harris, Terre Haute, Ind.
First Prize, Baby Contest

Branch News

The **New Orleans, La.,** branch held its annual election Thursday night, November 14, 1935, in Pythian Temple and elected the following officers and executive committee for the ensuing year: James E. Gayle, president; Emile Labat, vice-president; J. B. Lafourche, secretary; Camille Harrison, assistant secretary; Dr. P. P. Creuzot, treasurer. Executive board members: S. W. Green, J. S. Tyner, John D. Brown, C. C. Valle, Dr. A. W. Brazier, A. E. Perkins, Dr. B. F. Easter, Fred Napoleon Dillon and Miss Alines Lenard.

President Gayle submitted a report showing the many activities of the branch during the past twelve months. Among these was the Wilson case at Franklinton, La. The association was represented by Attorneys Gill and Simon at a fee of $1,000. Among other work undertaken during the year: conducted registration of 28,000 unemployed; investigated clerks and stenographers for work relief projects; organized youth division; investigated three rape cases and sharecropper case at

Melville, La.; investigated Gretna jail killing; President Gayle addressed several white church organizations and youth groups and succeeded in getting a resolution endorsing the Costigan-Wagner anti-lynching bill. The branch voted to hold its membership campaign during the second week in March, 1936, which will be conducted by Mrs. Daisy E. Lampkin, of Pittsburgh, Pa., national field secretary. A large number of memberships was renewed during the meeting.

The **Annapolis, Md.**, branch held a mass meeting on November 26, at the First Baptist Church, and the auditorium was packed to overflowing. The branch is exceedingly active and is now investigating a juvenile court case. The officers have under advisement an attack upon the shorter school term for colored children in force in Anne Arundel County. The branch has more than ninety members to date and is planning a membership drive for more.

A branch was organized at **Ardmore, Okla.**, on November 18, by Dean William Pickens, director of branches. There were 71 charter members, three of them white.

The **Bevard County, Fla.**, branch of the N.A.A.C.P., recently held its second annual meeting at the Mims junior high school. Music was furnished by the school glee club under the direction of Mrs. Olivia Adams. Miss Helen Strickland rendered a reading. The following officers were elected: Harry Moore, president; Elmer Silas, vice-president; Mrs. V. G. Rogers, second vice-president; Roderick Harris, secretary; J. E. Gilbert, assistant secretary; Paul Cuyler, treasurer. All members of the executive committee were retained except W. M. Sanchious. W. M. Gibson of Titusville was elected to replace him.

Mrs. N. N. Gilbert, Titusville local committee, made the highest financinal report, $13.20.

The **Baton Rouge, La.**, branch, of which Benjamin Stanley is president, held a benefit dance in November to raise a contribution toward the liquidation of the deficit. A total of $53 was raised with the cooperation of the following social clubs: Purple Circle, Bushmen, Harlem, Panthers, Cavaliers. The Kid Dimes Orchestra and the Roseland Six band donated their services. The Odd Fellows contributed the use of their temple roof garden without charge.

Joseph Albright, chairman of the board of the **Duluth, Minn.**, branch, and president of the Duluth Sunday Forum, was honored last week when he was appointed by Margaret Culkin Banning, international novelist and one of the world's ten most renowned women writers, to membership in the Advisory Committee of the WPA writers' project for the Arrowhead country of Northern Minnesota. This country, known for its vast natural recreational resources, great wealth, and mighty lumbering and mining industries, is one of America's show places.

Mr. Albright, author of "Satire in Brown," is widely known as a free-lance writer. He has contributed to many publications of both racial groups. He is highly respected in Duluth, one of America's most democratic cities, for his civic and welfare work. He is employed as the supervisor of clients for the Central Relief office of the city. The clients of this branch are ninety-nine per cent white.

The **Chicago, Ill.**, branch, under the leadership of President A. C. MacNeal, sponsored a lecture on November 26 by Dr. Quincy Wright, professor of international law at the University of Chicago. Dr. Wright's subject was "Race Relations in International Affairs." A second lecture was held on December 11, at which Dr. Frederick L. Schuman, lecturer and writer, spoke on "Fascism; Ethiopia and the Race Problem." In addition to these lectures, the branch has outlined several activities for December and January. Pilgrim Baptist Church observed N.A.A.C.P., Sunday, December 8, with a special sermon. On December 21 a benefit dance was held in the Binga Arcade Ballroom. The annual meeting of the branch will be held January 15, in Wendell Phillips high school, and the annual membership drive will be inaugurated at that time to run through January 29. It is planned to have a N.A.A.C.P. service at some of the largest churches in Chicago on January 19.

The **Charleston, W. Va.**, branch held its meeting November 10, at which members of the Charles E. Young Post No. 57 of the American Legion and their Ladies' Auxiliary were special guests. A report on the membership drive was given by Dr. R. L. Jones.

The **Richmond, Va.**, branch had as its speaker November 25, Charles H. Houston, special counsel of the N.A.A.C.P., who spoke on discrimination in Negro education in Virginia.

D. A. Bennett was elected president of the **Colorado Springs, Col.**, branch at its meeting November 14. Cleo Bruster was elected vice president; Miss Marie E. I. Bryant, secretary; Miss Allie Mae Spencer, assistant secretary; Louis Ferguson, treasurer, and Henri I. Davis, chairman of the executive board. Committees were named as follows: education, Miss Gladys Muldraw; press and publicity, Mrs. Kimbal Gaffman; membership, Miss Esther Carter; legal redress and legislation, William Gudgell; entertainment, Cleo Bruster.

Mrs. E. G. Brown of the **Indianapolis, Ind.**, branch is treasurer of a committee for the defense of Ethiopia in her city.

The **Tacoma, Wash.**, branch held its annual meeting November 17 and the main speaker was Miss Julia Copeland, who gave a travelogue of her recent trip through the east and south. The junior Tacoma branch is meeting under the direction of Mrs. N. J. Asberry.

Dr. Leon W. Scott was reelected president of the **New Rochelle, N. Y.**, branch at the annual meeting November 18. Other officers named were Mrs. Joseph Bulloch, vice-president; Dr. E. E. Bess, secretary; Mrs. Audrey E. Ross, assistant secretary, and Dr. Caesar P. McClendon, treasurer. Dr. Scott submitted his annual report and spoke of the future plans for the organization. The branch endorsed the recommendation that the former Y.M.H.A. building be operated by the city as a recreation center. At present the building has been leased for a period of one year as a community center. Herbert Wheeldin was named chairman of the committee in charge of plans for the annual oratorical contest. Possibility of including a course on Negro history in the Adult Education program was discussed and a committee composed of W. J. Brown, Joseph Bulloch, and Mrs. Ross was appointed.

The **Morristown, N. J.**, junior branch met November 22 with Miss Sallie Epps. Papers on Negro history were read by Raymond Daly and Miss Estelle Taylor. Miss Marion Hillhouse and Miss Theresa Mahon were in charge of the social hour which followed the meeting.

Senator Arthur Capper, one of the national vice-presidents of the N.A.A.C.P., spoke at a mass meeting sponsored by the **Kansas City, Kans.**, branch, November 17.

The annual meeting of the **St. Joseph, Mo.**, branch was held November 18 at the Y.M.C.A.

The **Pittsfield, Mass.**, branch met November 6, in the Second Congregational church.

Walter White, national secretary, was the principal speaker for the Michigan State Conference of Branches Sunday, November 3.

The **Terre Haute, Ind.**, branch gave a tea Sunday afternoon, November 3.

Dean William Pickens discussed the Ethiopian situation at Vassar College on October 24.

The **Asheville, N. C.**, branch held its membership campaign for two weeks beginning October 27. Among the speakers during the drive were the Rev. H. B. Thompson, the Rev. L. C. Ivey, the Rev. J. H. Aiker, W. M. Hicks, E. W. Pearson, and Dr. S. J. W. Spurgon.

The **Mobile, Ala.**, branch is conducting a campaign on all sides to reduce the number of Negroes murdered by Negroes. Under its corps of energetic officers, including J. L. LeFlore, secretary, the branch is continuing its work of the past year and a half to secure improved conditions for colored people on the railroads of the South. It has had marked success thus far and has determined to secure the best possible accommodations, even if the complaint has to be sent to the Interstate Commerce Commission.

G. B. Aldrich addressed the **Tacoma, Wash.**, branch on the Ethiopian situation at its October meeting.

Walter White was one of the speakers on the Italian-Ethiopian situation before the New History Society of New York on November 3.

The interracial conference of the Y.W.C.A. in Wilmington, Del. on October 26 was addressed by Charles H. Houston, special counsel of the N.A.A.C.P.

A big Hallowe'en dance was given October 30 by the junior branch of the **Johnstown, Pa.**, branch. The floor show was directed by Roalf Lee. It featured the Slaughter Sisters, Viola Barnett, Bill Redding, Florence Davis, Eunice Cathy, Beulah Goodman, and Ruth Jackson. Georgia Hardy and Gilbert Mason, of Altoona, gave specialty dance numbers.

George Johnson, president of the Northern California Council of N.A.A.C.P. branches, recently addressed an interracial luncheon of students in Stiles hall, at the University of California at Berkeley. Following this, he spoke to the upper division classes in argumentation and debate of the public speaking department of the University, at the invitation of Professor P. Perstein, on the question of prejudice against the Negroes. Mr. Johnson is assistant junior tax counsellor for the State Board of Equalization in Oakland.

JEW HATRED AMONG NEGROES

You cannot afford to miss this article in the February CRISIS by Rabbi Edward L. Israel of Baltimore, Md. Rabbi Israel, who has been one of the most sincere friends of the Negro in the country, writes with deep feeling, and yet complete objectivity, of the recurring signs of anti-semitism among Negroes. His thoughtful article is sure to provoke wide discussion among both Negroes and whites.

Ph.D. from McGill

Clarence Tyler Mason, of Evanston, Ill., received his Ph.D. degree in chemistry from McGill university at Montreal, Canada. He did his undergraduate work at Northwestern university, being of the class of 1931.

He is a member of Alpha Phi Alpha fraternity and while at McGill was elected a member of Sigma Xi. Dr. Mason will be assistant professor of chemistry at Dillard university, New Orleans, La.

Book Reviews

THE MEDEA AND SOME POEMS by Countee Cullen. 97 pp. Harper and Brothers, New York. $2.00.

After a silence of several years, Countee Cullen, considered by many as the leading Negro poet in America, offers to his many admirers a new volume of verse, *The Medea and Some Poems*. Going back to the classical period for his inspiration, Cullen has given a brilliant modern translation of Euripides' tragedy, *The Medea*. Most of us are familiar with old Greek legend telling of Jason's desertion of Medea for the love of King Creon's daughter. Blinded by mad fury to obtain complete revenge on Jason for his infidelity, Medea brings about not only the destruction of Creon and his daughter but the death of her and Jason's two infant children. Thus Jason is made to suffer the tortures of living while all his loved ones are dead.

Despite the modern tone of this version with its strains of realism and vigor, Cullen has been able to surcharge his work with the dignity and grandeur characteristic of the original. Without sacrificing the beauty of personal interpretation, the author always keeps before the reader the elements of deep foreshadowing and a sense of the inevitability so necessary to bring about a culmination of tragic events. Especially lofty in poetic sublimity and solemnity are the choruses that have been set to music for the acting version by Virgil Thompson, the gifted American composer, who created the libretto of the opera *Four Saints in Three Acts*. The author wrote this version of *The Medea* especially for Rose McClendon, the talented Negro actress who at present is appearing on Broadway in Langston Hughes's *Mulatto*.

The second section of the volume is devoted to a collection of twenty-seven lyrical poems including translations from the French of Baudelaire and Pierre Louys. A careful study of these lyrics proves that the author's expression has passed through certain stages of transformation as compared with his earlier works. Although possessing lyrical touches of beauty, the poems in this volume are more properly characterized by perfection of technique rather than by the sensuous emotional qualities usually associated with the author. Stylistically correct, the lyrics become at times carvings of hard brilliancy or etchings of an exquisite mold, but they lack the spontaneity and freshness suggestive of the poems in *Color* and *Copper Sun*. The emotional enthusiasm of youth has given way to a more mature reflective tone. In a sonnet on love we learn that:

"So many ways love has none may appear
The bitter best, and none the sweetest worst;
Strange food the hungry have been known to bear,
And brackish water slackes an utter thirst.
It is a rare and tantalizing fruit
Our hands reach for, but nothing absolute."

This philosophical interpretation of love harmonizes with the philosophical approach of the lyrical group as a whole. The note of finality expressed in the sonnet, "What I am Saying now was Said Before," the feeling of wistfulness dominating "To France," and the spirit of resignation characterizing Baudelaire's "Death to the Poor" suggest the range of interpretive reaction found within the body of the lyrics.

It is interesting also to observe that Cullen deserts racial themes in his present volume. Only one, "Scottsboro, Two Is Worth Its Song," is directly inspired by racial implications, and even here the poem transcends narrow limitations usually prescribed by purely racial themes. The poems as a whole achieve a quality of universality absent in much of his previous verse. More so than ever Cullen writes as an American poet rather than a Negro poet. *The Medea and Some Poems* will rank with the best of the American poetry published in 1935.

JAMES O. HOPSON.

A SAINT IN THE SLAVE TRADE by Arnold Lunn. 256 pp. Sheed and Ward, New York. $2.50.

Arnold Lunn's *A Saint in the Slave Trade* is not only an informative biographical study of Peter Claver, one of the great humanitarians of all times, but it also contains valuable data relative to practices of the early slave system little known to the average person.

Born in 1581 in one of the provinces of Spain, Claver early became devoted to the church. Contrary to the expectations of his parents, he was possessed by a longing to join the Society of Jesuits to which group he was finally admitted. With a spirit of extreme humility and a devotion to all men he came to Cartagena located near the northern point of South America to work among the slaves. Not interested in the institution of slavery as such, Claver was only concerened with alleviating the suffering of those people who were treated less human than animals. "On arrival his first care was for the sick. He had a delicacy of touch in the cleansing and dressing of sores which was a true expression of his personality." No one could understand this man who extreme pleasure was found in working among filthy, diseased Negroes, but Claver's devotion to his work remained until death. His spirit of humility, religious zeal to the point of asceticism, his humanitarian motives were the qualities that eventually elevated him to sainthood.

If the author had restricted his work to a biographical account of Claver, a more readable volume would have been the result. Instead, however, much of the work deals with the dogma of catholicism in which the average lay reader has little interest. If this material were presented only when it affected some attitude of Claver, it could be tolerated; but Mr. Lunn goes out of his way to drag in almost every tenet upon which the Catholic Church has been founded. This argumentative, didactic material has no place in a book labeled as biography. Despite this extraneous matter, the work is well worth reading since it pictures the extraordinary career of an extraordinary personality and gives an unusual insight into the slave trade of the 16th and 17th centuries.

JAMES O. HOPSON.

Short Cut to a Lynching

(*Continued from page* 10)

protest such a tragedy—even if it wanted to. I met people willing to help me uncover facts about the case. They wanted me to write a story—but to organize an opposition sentiment and express it in New Orleans, to them, out of the question. At bottom they did not care enough to do so.

But the discussion went on. They were willing to talk about the subject. I heard again all the familiar aspects of a white man's prejudice against the Negro race. A prejudice based on ignorance and fear, I guess. A prejudice which does not make sense but a view point erecting a topless wall between a man and his reason. Some call their prejudice against a Negro an affection towards the race. "I had a black Mammy whom I loved,—etc."

I heard two views that are new to me. One of them came to the surface before the prisoners were killed and while I was telling a white woman of the scene in the Negro home on Pine Street. I was speaking of the black mother's suffering and of the awful pain in the young wife's eyes, and I was interrupted by the white woman who said that try as she might she could never feel that the Negroes reacted to things as "we" do. What she meant and later said was that the two Negro women weren't feeling as I thought, and they weren't because they were Negroes.

Liasons Protect Virtue

The other unique belief, and it came from a man, was that if a Negro man is attracted by a white woman he is degenerate and, therefore, capable of the unnatural crime of rape. It is a good thing for society when such men are killed. The same view held that if you reverse the process and find a white man attracted by a Negro woman, that is not degenerate—that's normal and a social good—because it tends to protect the virtue of white women (from white men) and preserve it for their wedding bed.

That point of view had nothing to do with the Gretna case, although the Negroes lost their lives in the manner described because of that and similar irrational attitudes.

The public does not know whether Hart and Freeman were guilty. To have given them a chance at trial two white women would have had to appear in court. The newspapers, unlike the Northern press, did not publish their names, although their male companions on the petting parties were publicized. If the dead Negroes had been innocent, their death served a good purpose anyhow. It frightened other Negro men. It is such a cheap value of Negro life that brings about lynching, that maintains our brutal attitude towards the race all across America. The North and South differ on the subject only in degree. From a friend in New Orleans (November 26) I learn that the Jefferson Parish authorities gave Sanford, the informer, a life sentence as "reward." The letter says: "It all smacks of a frame up between the moron, Clancy and the police. It is odious and embarassing politically for them to have to hang a Negro legally. We are surely fortunate not to be colored and live down South."

Crime Sidelights

(*Continued from page* 22)

authority, that Negroes have a different code of morals, that they are criminally inclined, that they are satisfied to live in vice-ridden districts, that the supervision and development of Negro delinquents can best be handled by white parole and probation officers, and that Negro policemen cannot render efficient police duties, are mistaken beliefs, which are having a devastating effect upon the young Negro delinquent and increasing the severity of the problem that in no way is a Negro problem, but increasing the problem which is a problem of all citizens of New York State. (Applause.)

MR. MULROONEY: It so happens that in the course of my police duties, I was Captain in the vicinity of 135th Street, the center of the Negro population, for almost five years. I lived there with the people who inhabited that neighborhood, and I owe it to the colored policeman to say that he averaged up just as well as the white policeman. Some of them are extremely intelligent, some positively stupid, some lazy, and some vigorous in the same proportion that the white man is.

If I were asked offhand to name one of the most intelligent and courageous detectives that I have ever known in the New York service, I would mention a young chap named Redding, now dead. I have heard much from white folks that the colored people are a problem. I do not subscribe to it entirely. If they are a problem, from my observation, it is partly because they have been exploited by the white people. They have not received the same care and the same thought and the same appropriations from the city and state that the white person has received. They are entitled to it, and they respond to good treatment. They grasp every opportunity for education or hygiene that is offered to them, and I think that all in all they have made a very splendid record in the City of New York, when we consider the density of the area of population in which they are compelled to live.

Many people have peculiar slants on the conditions that exist here, and only a short while ago, when a big sporting event was taking place, in New York—I am speaking of the Louis-Carnera fight—one very prominent person said that should Louis win, there would be a riot, that there would be terrible times in Harlem.

Another more advanced thinker, a sports writer in New York, called me up and had lunch with me and asked me what I thought would happen if Louis should win that bout. I said, "Nothing will happen, except that they will dance and they will celebrate, in the same way that they do on New Year's night."

"What is going to happen," he said, "should he lose?"

"They will accept defeat the same as you and I would accept defeat."

That has been the result of my years of experience, both in intimate contact as a Captain, and as a Police Commissioner, and in holding other offices in the city of New York. I never looked upon them as being any different from the white residents of the city providing they received the same treatment and consideration. If they are going to be neglected and passed over and not given any thought, you can expect that they will be a problem. They are entitled to make themselves problems under those circumstances, and they are entitled to demand the same treatment that all the other residents of our city do. (Applause.)

Senator Glass

(*Continued from page* 15)

out disguise" in the Virginia Constitutional Convention of 1901, the N.A.A.C.P. speaks to the American people without disguise in 1935. It believes in equal educational opportunity for all children, black and white, from the kindergarten through the university; equal school term, equality in teachers' pay, equality in school plant and transportation, equality in curriculum, equality in school administration.

The Virginia legislature will convene in January, 1936. To Virginia Negroes and all friends interested in equal educational facilities for all citizens the N.A.A.C.P. says:

1. Hold public protest meetings and expose the local discriminations in education.

2. Write the newspapers in the interest of equal education for better citizenship.

3. Get the local churches, clubs, lodges, labor unions and other associations to petition the local school authorities to equalize public education within their jurisdiction. Have the resolutions incorporate specific recommendations for improvement of the local schools.

4. Get the local churches, clubs, lodges, labor unions and other associations to send resolutions to the Governor, the State Board of Education, the State Senators and Representatives.

5. *Register and vote* for those public officials who will pledge themselves to equalize educational opportunities between the races.

Victory Life

(*Continued from page* 11)

memorable day in the Federal District Court of Chicago when Judge Evan A. Evans considered the pleas of these honest directors, that the Victory Life was a symbol of race progress and pride, and that no white or colored person, receiver or otherwise, should be allowed to dominate it and mulct it to destruction. Judge Evans listened and was impressed; and for the first time on record, 1933, the court thereupon, by decree, named the board of directors of a mutual life insurance company, thereby resurrecting the wrecked concern, and at the same time conserving a million dollars belonging to Negro policyholders. In the company's reorganization, Dr. P. M. H. Savory was made chairman of the board of directors, and Dr. C. B. Powell became chairman of the finance committee.

Into Rich New York Field

As soon as the Victory Mutual was relicensed in Illinois in 1933, the officials began to pave the way for its return to New York. The new officers felt that they could not completely vindicate the unfortunate history of the company until they had proved beyond all doubt the financial soundness of the Victory Mutual, and their ability to manage it. Admission to New York was proof of both soundness and efficiency in the company's affairs.

The return of the Victory Mutual Life to New York state as a bona fide licensed insurance company virtually guarantees its continued progress and growth. For, in addition to the marks of financial soundness and managerial efficiency stamped upon the company by virtue of the right to operate in New York, the life insurance field in this state—particularly New York City and its metropolitan area with 500,000 Negroes—is the best in the United States. Besides, the Victory Mutual has a near monopoly of all so-called Negro business in New York, because the white companies discriminate against colored people.

The fact that the white companies do discriminate against Negroes is also a challenge to the Victory Mutual Life to render the best possible service to them, and at the same time help disprove the ignorant and prejudicial beliefs and practices of the white companies. The success of the Victory Mutual to get back on its feet is definite proof of its ability and worthiness to render the Negro people a necessary service, life insurance.

Wise County Schools

(*Continued from page* 14)

the Coeburn elementary school (colored) housed in a Negro church. The school is so crowded the little children are parked all day in the pulpit as they appear in the middle picture. No labor was being used to fill the gulley in front of the church. It seems Negro children must take things as they find them, and be humble lest the little they have be not taken away.

This is our fight: to free every black and every white child in the United States from the blight of ignorance and misunderstanding.

WISE COUNTY, population census, 1930:

Total	51,167	(100%)
White	47,984	(93.8%)
Negro	3,180	(6.2%)
County School Census, 1930		
Total educables	19,578	(100%)
White	18,677	(95.4%)
Negro	901	(4.6%)
County School Enrolment, 1933–1934		
Total	14,167	(100%)
White	13,557	(95.7%)
Negro	610	(4.3%)
Value School Property, 1933–1934		
Total	$1,425,350	(100%)
White	1,411,500	(99.03%)
Negro	13,850	(00.97%)

New Study of Sharecroppers

Public attention now being given to problems of share-tenants and sharecroppers makes very timely the publication of a report by the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America on "Cotton-Growing Communities in Arkansas." Ten cotton-growing communities and ten cotton plantations in six typical counties in that state were surveyed by Dr. Benson Y. Landis and Dr. George E. Haynes of the staff of the Federal Council of Churches under the auspices of a state conference of outstanding white and Negro citizens and with the aid of more than twelve staff members of the state educational and agricultural agencies.

The survey covers a total of 7,187 Negro and 3,266 white rural residents living on 1,881 unsupervised farms and ten plantations. Of 762 small farms operated by white farmers 53.4 per cent were operated by owners, 11.3 per cent by managers, and 35.3 per cent by share-tenants and sharecroppers. Of 1,119 small farms operated by Negro farmers only 26 per cent were operated by owners, 1 per cent by managers and 73 per cent by share-tenants and sharecroppers.

In eight of the ten communities of small farms "government sources were the most important and almost sole source" of short-time credit for crop production to enable farmers to purchase seed, feed, and fertilizer. The net cash income of half of the 46 Negro farmers included in the study, that is the gross cash income less expenses of farm operation based upon estimates of the farmers assisted by survey workers, was less than $150 in any of the years 1929, 1931 or 1933. Even with additional estimated net income in produce of non-cash crops the total net income in both cash and kind of these farmers was less than $300 in any of the years mentioned.

The report may be secured at a nominal cost from the Federal Council offices, 105 E. 22nd Street, New York, N. Y.

Dr. Chester W. Chinn Gets Fellowship Abroad

Dr. Chester W. Chinn of New York City has been awarded a fellowship by the Oberlaender Trust for a year's study in Berlin and Vienna in the diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat. Dr. Chinn was graduated from Brown university in 1921 and received his degree in medicine from the University of Michigan in 1925. He studied diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat at the New York Post Graduate Medical School in 1930–31. He spent the year ending last September 1 at the Institute of Ophthalmology at the Presbyterian Medical Center in New York and has served for some time as associate visiting ophthalmologist at Harlem hospital. He is a member of the American Medical Association and the National Medical Association. He is also a member of Alpha Phi Alpha and Sigma Pi Phi fraternities. He will sail for Europe February 1.

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Dr. W. L. Wright New President of Lincoln U.

The Reverend Dr. William Hallock Johnson, president of Lincoln University at Lincoln University, Pennsylvania, offered his resignation to the Board of Trustees at a meeting held in Philadelphia, Thursday, November 14, on account of his reaching the retirement age in December. The trustees accepted the resignation and immediately elected Dr. Johnson President Emeritus of the University. The resignation will become effective at the end of the first semester, February 1, 1936.

Dr. Johnson has been president of Lincoln University since 1926, at which time he had been professor of Greek and New Testament literature since 1903. Before going to Lincoln University he had been a member of the faculty of Centre College and of Danville Theological Seminary, both at Danville, Kentucky.

At the same meeting the trustees unanimously elected as president to succeed Dr. Johnson, Dr. Walter Livingston Wright, secretary and treasurer of the Board of Trustees, vice-president of Lincoln University since 1926 and professor of mathematics since 1893.

Dr. Wright, a layman, was graduated by Princeton University in 1892, held a fellowship in science at Princeton 1892–93, received the Princeton degree of Master of Arts in 1895, and in 1933 received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Lincoln University. During the World War he engaged in Y.M.C.A. educational work at Brest, France. He was born at Juliustown, N. J., February 3, 1872.

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